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THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY: ITS ORIGIN AND PURPOSE.

THE divine wisdom of the Church in placing her ban upon secret associations, organized for hidden purposes, and held together by unknown motives and influences, is at length acknowledged and revered by modern society.

The angry and contemptuous rejection which the Protestant religious and social world has hitherto given to the Church's plea for the frowning down of Free Masonry, Odd Fellowship, and kindred organizations, has been succeeded by a reactionary movement, which threatens to sweep forcibly from society all leagues and unions whose constitution and objects are shrouded in secrecy. The cause of this reaction is found in the undisguised dread and apprehension which the influence and acts of the International Society have awakened all over Europe. In this organization, religion beholds its deadliest foe; society, its most de-

termined enemy; the state, a power which cannot be reached and overthrown either by force or bribery.

As this organization, which from its purpose as revealed in its acts, appears to be the latest invention of hell to subvert the Church, and, as a consequence, all modern morality and religion, is at work in this country, we deem it opportune to lay before our readers a succinct account of its formation and intentions. These, as far as known, are embodied in M. Villetard's History.* The author appears to have possessed exceptional advantages in his inquiry into the character of the organization, to which his unfortunate country now can trace all the political and social disorders that have shaken her through the past fifty years. His investigations point to the remarkable and almost incredible fact, that nearly all the

* Histoire de l'Internationale. Par Edmond Villetard. Paris: Garnier Frères, 1872.

secret societies of modern times, no matter how diverse in form or seemingly independent in purpose, have really been guided by a single force, and have all been directed to a single end,—the subversion of the present order of society, and the extinction of the Catholic faith, which is recognized as the sole principle of the religious life that yet animates the world.

The beginnings of the life of the International Society were the socialistic principles which Saint Simon disseminated in France, and which Fourier cultivated and trained. The first fruits were the political troubles, and finally the revolution of 1830. Saint Simon aimed at merging the individual in the state, which was to be invested with full control over the person and property of its subjects. The individual, however, was to enjoy certain privileges and rights guaranteed him by the state, but revocable at its will. Fourier struck out this latter clause, thus completely annihilating the individuality of the subject, and making him a mere instrument which the state could employ as it pleased.

How was this delectable social scheme to be carried out? Here was the difficulty. The wealthy and the intelligent classes could never be induced to found a society based on principles which vested their property and placed their will in the "state." The lowest classes of Parisian society, the classes which had neither property nor intelligence, could furnish fit subjects on whom the new social theory might be tested. The test was applied successfully, not by Saint Simon, nor by Fourier, but by

Louis Blanc, an unprincipled scoundrel, who wrote a pamphlet entitled *The Organization of Labor*, in which, in addition to the general socialistic and communistic theories, he sketched a system of which the present International Society is the realization and embodiment.

Under a pretended love for the workingman, and an ardent desire to better his condition, and to protect his rights against the oppression and injustice of his employer, Blanc firmly impressed on the mind of the Parisian laboring class, the cardinal principle of communism. The combination of masters and capitalists was the source of all the poverty and degradation in which the laborers were sunk. "Why not," he asked, "convert the working world into one grand shop, where all laborers, of whatsoever trade or ability, will receive the same wages? Why should the wealthy master and capitalist fatten on your toil? Why should any class live on the fruits of your labor? The remedy is with yourselves. You outnumber your employers a thousand to one? Begin then to renew the moral nature of man. Inaugurate a new social system. Organize into trades-unions and labor-associations, and you can with one blow, regain that equality, freedom, and power, of which your tyrannical employers, supported by the state, have dispossessed you."

The idea pleased the lazy and worthless among the laboring classes, but it could not be put into practice. Various attempts were made throughout France to organize trades-unions on the principle, but all failed. Napoleon perceived

the elements of revolution which were at work among those of the laboring classes that clung to the idea, and he summarily suppressed all their associations. But force serves only to strengthen stubborn ignorance and vice in its ideas, and despite the opposition which they encountered, the laboring classes of France continued to band together. Napoleon, too politic to insist on their disorganization, when he saw the most dangerous classes of his subjects bent on their purpose, endeavored to hamper their operations by stringent laws. He succeeded in diverting their energies into useful channels, and the grandest evidence of his skill as a statesman was given by the unexampled betterment of the industrial interests of France under his sway. He feared and detested the spirit which the workingmen showed in banding together; but he made their union subserve his empire, enrich France, and at the same time, satisfy them.

Thus, the workmen of France appeared to be following a course different from that which Louis Blanc had marked out for them. But, in the meantime, his principles had served as the basis of a vast coalition of trades-unions in England, where the law subjected their formation to no restraints. The influence of these English unions stirred up among the French laborers, the almost forgotten theories of communism and socialism. In 1862, there came from the English societies a proposal to the French ones, of forming an international association for the advancement and protection of trade interests. The World Fair at Lon-

don, in 1862, furnished an opportunity for the meeting and consultation of the chiefs of the labor organization, and on the 5th of August, of that year, representatives from nearly every French labor-society met the English representatives in the London Masonic Temple. The following remarkable address was delivered by the English representatives.

“We, English workingmen, seize with pleasure, the occasion of your visit to London, to hold out to you the hand of brotherhood, and to bid you a hearty welcome.

“In the ages of ignorance and darkness we knew one another only to hate. That was the age of brute force. To-day, under the ægis of science and civilization, we meet as children of labor: the kingdom of moral power has come. (Here follows a rambling recapitulation of the wrongs of the laboring classes.) We do not pretend to be able to solve all these problems, but we say that they should be solved, and that all should combine in the attempt to solve them. For this purpose we think that an interchange of our thoughts and observations with the thoughts and experience of the workingmen of different nationalities will help us materially. We hope that we shall find some means of international communication, and that each day will form a new link in the chain of love that shall unite the workingmen of all countries.”

To this address the French delegates replied, that it was their desire to see established labor-committees, for the carrying on of correspondence relating to questions of international industry. This

agreement to the plan proposed by the English union was the first step in the formation of the International. In 1864, a grand meeting of English laborers was held in St. Martin's Hall, London, at which several French delegates were present. Resolutions of sympathy with the efforts to establish the International throughout France, were passed, and a series of articles and statutes, in which the design of the society was unfolded, were read and adopted. These were to the effect that the emancipation of the laboring man must come from himself; that the secret of success consisted in the establishment in each country of a brotherly union of trades, forming one grand society that might exercise a powerful influence in keeping all together and furthering the interest of each; that the basis of this society would be truth, justice, and morality, which would be shown to all men, without distinction of color, creed, or nationality. By the year 1866, the society was thoroughly organized in England, France, Italy, and generally in Germany.

In the meantime the constitution and government were theoretically settled. Each trade forms a "section." These sections, in the same town or city, form a "federation." The united federations compose the society, which is governed by annual congresses, and by the general council, which is always in session. Each section elects two sets of delegates; one, to represent it in the council of federations; the other, in the annual congress. The congress elects the members of the general council. Practically, however, this constitution is a dead

letter, for the founders of the society constituted the general council, the powers of which have been simply confirmed by the four congresses that have since been held. In these congresses the general work of the Association is conducted, measures are taken for the formation of new sections, and plans matured for the realization of its principles. These principles, as gathered from the study of the proceedings, from the tone of their journals, and from the official bulletins which they issue, may thus be summed up: "Their philosophy is atheism, materialism, the denial of all religion; their political programme resolves itself into absolute liberty of the individual to be obtained by the overthrow of all government, and by the classification of society into 'sections' and 'federations'; their political economy consists essentially in the uncompensated seizure of the property of capitalists, and its apportionment among the trades-unions; their historical theory is that the nobility and the wealthy middle class have had their day, and that the time of the commonalty is come."

In proof of these statements, M. Villetard quotes from the official reports of the transactions of the congress. Thus, on the question of landed property, the congress held at Basle, in 1869, passed the following:

"We declare that society has the power to abolish the right of any individual to hold land, and we think that the general interests of society call for such abolition."

The congress advises the formation in every country, of "societies

of resistance," composed of suitable members of each "section."

The Brussels congress thought "that quarries, coal-mines, and all other 'subterranean property,' belong to society in general, and cannot be held by any individual." Further, "that social necessity demands the alienation of all lands, glebes, farms, and forests from the individual to society in general. The same social necessity likewise demands 'the transference to the community of the right to and possession of canals, railways, routes, telegraph lines, and all other ways and means of travel and communication.'" The right to an inheritance is stigmatized as an iniquitous invasion of general social rights. The unlimited right of workmen to strike for higher wages, and to take all means that "society gives, or ought to give" them in the prosecution of their claim is emphatically declared.

Were the association which utters and seconds these revolutionary theories only an insignificant cabal, without numbers, wealth, or influence, society could afford to laugh at its ravings, and defy its puny efforts to subvert her stately temple. But the dread fact stands, that the real force of the International is immeasurably great. The outbreak in Paris was the first startling token of its power, and the subsequent disclosure of its chief instrumentality in the defeat of France in the war against Prussia, is a still more startling evidence of its influence and energy. In England, it is the animating and guiding principle of the incipient revolution against the monarchy. In Italy, it was the chief power that overthrew

the Papal throne, just as it is the leading demon warring against the spiritual empire of the Vicar of Christ. This is abundantly proved by the mass of evidence collected by the Roman correspondent of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Nor is this ubiquitous spirit absent from our own land, where it has the fullest scope for its operations. M. Villetard notes the appointment of a commission to canvass the United States in the interests of the International. These were invested with full powers to affiliate existing trade-unions and labor associations with the European International Societies. Its trail is seen in the dissolution and anarchy of South American States; in a word, no power which has ever risen up against the Church and against society has been better organized, more determined, or more successful than the fiendish association whose origin and purpose we have imperfectly traced. Its thorough drill, its perfect organization, its harmonious action, its extent, power, and design seem to point it out as the kingdom which, as the apostle foretells, Antichrist will find awaiting him.

It has already drawn into its circles nearly all the secret organizations that are composed of business and working men, or that are designed to afford relief to sick members, or that, in general constitution and design, are like the labor-unions and associations of England. There is no doubt that the Masonic order, and another association known as the Knights of Pythias, are at present federations or branches of the International. No effort is spared to induce the ordinary

trades-unions and co-operative societies in this country to join. With the revenue which the European International could draw from these societies, it could enlarge and help its measures and plans on the Continent, and in England.

In view of the presence in the world of such an enemy to social and religious order, it becomes the duty of all to withstand and destroy it. Pledged to reverse the present social system in every land in which it gets a firm foothold, the International will not hesitate to replace the Union by the Commune. Our readers may smile at the idea that the United States can ever become the scene of such violence and disorder as unfortunate France presented during the reign of the Internationals; but the intelligence and morality of the lower orders of American society are not much higher than the intelligence and morality of the English and the French masses; and the Sheffield riots were not so long and so destructive as the Parisian, simply because they were more speedily repressed. A mob is a mob all the world over.

But the International does not depend for its success on ebullitions of popular frenzy. It sets itself systematically to indoctrinate the lower classes with its religion (!), its ideas, and its purpose. It will organize a distinct political party in any country which gives its citizens the right to vote. It starts a press wherever no censorship is established. It conceals its design from those that would shrink from it, and presents it to them under the seductive guise of a noble effort to redress the wrongs of the labor-

ing class. We honestly believe that if this association is allowed for five years untrammelled liberty to train up the masses of the American people in its doctrines, no patriotism, no love of order, no moral sentiment, will be able to restrain them from breaking the Union into fragments. As a measure of self-protection, our people should sternly discountenance the formation of any labor league whatever; or, at least, the confederation of such leagues as now remain distinct and independent. For the same reason public opinion should be directed against all secret societies, no matter of what pretensions or apparent benefit. Objectionable in themselves, for they are opposed to the spirit of our institutions, which secure to all citizens alike the social and political advantages springing out of them—advantages which secret societies necessarily tend to limit to a few—such leagues are in danger of being drawn into the nets of the International. Their members, who, by a general law of such societies, know nothing about the intentions and doings of their chief officers, may be bargained away to the International, and prove excellent, because ignorant and blind, tools of that association.

As for Catholics, they will recognize the authority of the Church forbidding them to join any secret league. The danger is, however, that they may not see, in the harmless banding together of their trade or business, the presence of the International spirit. At best, combinations against employers have effected very little good for tradesmen, and very much harm to both, when neither would listen to the

voice of justice or of moderation. Every master recognizes that his cause is the cause of his men; their interest, his; and there is no sensible workingman who has not seen and deplored the general useless, if not bad, results of the principles on which the trade-union works. Sufficient protection in their rights could be secured without having recourse to secret trade leagues, or "protective associations." On the ground of their worthlessness, all workmen should pass them by. In the present hour, they should be avoided and condemned by every honest man who does not wish to surrender his will and give his money to an association which is determined to draw every laborer into its power, and, under a false regard for his rights, ruin him in time and eternity.

We trust that our Catholics will give heed to their Church in her solemn condemnation of the Internationals, and all such associations. She knows what is best for us all. Her eyes, illumined by the light of heaven, are never dimmed by error, prejudice, or lie. Beneath the fair show of a tender regard for the rights of the laborer, she saw his infernal enemy plotting for her and his destruction. Long before M. Villetard or other historians held up the International to the execration of the world, she had warned the faithful against it. Happy they, if listening to her words, and joining her in the work of opposing and defeating it, they may glory in her assured triumph over its powers, and share in another of her victories over the enemies of God and man.

ASCENSION-DAY.

COME to the mountain's sacred brow,
 Not—as ere while—in sorrow clad:
 Mourning and woe have vanished now,
 The heavens and the earth are glad.

The spot, where pale with agony,
 A bloody sweat the Saviour shed,
 Is now His field of victory—
 Lord of the living and the dead.

'Twas now the fortieth morning bright,
 Since he had risen from the tomb;
 A period marked with fadeless light,
 Destined to pierce all future gloom.

For, in that interval sublime,
 FAITH'S beacon-light he reared on high,
 To shine unclouded, through all time,
 Marking the pathway to the sky.

“Go,” did he thus, in words divine,
The apostles gathered near, address :
“Go—by your Father’s power and mine
Commissioned—and all nations bless.

“Teach ye all nations, and baptize ;
Proclaim me risen, preach my word :
With heaven’s own keys unlock the skies,
Through me, your master and their Lord.

“Whoso believeth and is born
Anew in the baptismal wave—
Changed from a criminal forlorn,
Into a child—him shall I save.

“But woe to him who will not hear
The doctrines published in my name :
Turning from you his heedless ear,
From *me* he turns—we are the same.

“For he who heareth what ye preach,
And yieldeth to the saving word,
He heareth ME ; and when ye teach,
Through you the nations hear their LORD.

“Despond not if I now depart
From earth, my ministry achieved ;
I give, to every mind and heart,
My peace, my presence unperceived.

“Nor shall ye as poor orphans be,
Too soon of loving parents reft,
The spirit—everlastingly—
Of strength and comfort shall be left.

“And He through doubt, and fear, and gloom,
Shall solace, and sustain, and guide :
All truth He’ll teach—all error doom—
And with you to the end abide.”

Yet as He spake a sun-tinged cloud,
Like a pavilion—fleecy, bright,
Began the mountain’s top to shroud,
And wrapt their Master from their sight.

Upwards, on pinions of the day,
'Mid hosts seraphic did he cleave
The empyrean heavens, whose gates give way,
Their glorious conqueror to receive.

Lift up, ye princes, lift your gates!
Eternal portals, open fly!
For lo! the court of heaven awaits
Their sovereign Lord, exultingly.

The marvelling brethren stood amazed
And speechless 'mid this glorious scene:
And as intent on high they gazed,
An angel spoke in words serene:

“Why, Galileans, do you stand,
With eyes fixed upwards on the sky?
This Jesus, who, at God's command,
Is taken wondrously on high,

“Shall, even as you saw him clad,
In power and majesty sublime,
Return—the living and the dead
To judge, before the end of time.”

They heard—and, filled with wonder yet,
Their souls with faith and rapture burn:
They leave the brow of Olivet,
And to Jerusalem return.

Then in the upper chamber, there,
With anxious hope they congregate,
Resolved, in solitude and prayer,
The Holy Spirit to await.

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

CHAPTER I.

WATCHING BY THE CRADLE.

"YES, Mr. Forrester is perfectly right; a walk this charming evening will do you good. Meanwhile, make yourself quite easy about the child; I will amuse myself with a book, and watch by his cradle till nurse returns."

"But that is the very thing I do not wish you to do, Ella; that is the old story. I want you to come out with us, and not turn yourself into baby's nurse, as you persist in doing. I had much rather remain with him myself."

"What simpletons you women make of yourselves," remarked a gentleman, who was standing somewhat impatiently, holding his hat in one hand and twirling a gold-headed cane about in the other; "if Ella *likes* to become baby's nurse, what can it signify to you? As for myself, I only see in her a model of what a woman ought to be, and regret she is not a wife and mother herself. Good bye, Ella, for the present; I think it a pity you did not get married, because *our* child can never be *much* to you."

"Mind, Ella, I declare this shall be the *last* evening I will leave you moping at home, to look after *my* child," observed Mrs. Forrester, as she left the room, leaning on the arm of her husband.

Ella Graham walked to the deep recess of an old-fashioned window, and gazed moodily on the scene before her eyes. Her brother-in-law

and his wife were already tripping it lightly over the greensward carpeted with flowers, sparkling with the first dew of a September evening, and the merry laugh of her sister met her ears and jarred heavily on her heart. Glistening through the trees, and mellowed by the fast-falling shades of evening, the beams of the setting sun fell with a subdued light in the apartment where Ella sat, revealing in a distant recess a tiny cradle, draped with satin of cerulean blue, covered with white lace. Here and there the quaint old room was left in shadow, for its low ceiling, wainscot of dark carved oak, and latticed casements, even in the broad light of the noonday sun rarely looked otherwise than sombre: nevertheless, of all the apartments in her married sister's home, at Ashleigh Thorpe Manor House, Ella affected this quaint and somewhat gloomy apartment more than any other, and it was at her own especial entreaty, and to gratify her somewhat overstrained fondness for the tiny heir of Ashleigh Thorpe, that Mr. and Mrs. Forrester had allowed the cradle to be placed in this particular room.

Ella, you see, was no young lady in her teens, nor was she even in the first blush of her womanhood; to tell the truth, her prime had passed away, though at the same time those who were not amongst her early friends, little thought that the still handsome, showy Ella Graham had far outstripped her thir-

tieth year; for her large dark eyes were as brilliant as ever, the color on her nicely rounded cheek as fresh, the delicate oval of her countenance as perfect, her small white teeth regular as of old, and it would have required a very keen eye to detect at a casual glance the stray silvery threads which here and there told the lapse of years, as they mingled with the bright chestnut tresses coiled in plaits around her well-shaped head.

So much for Ella Graham's personal appearance. She has remained for some time buried in thought, looking out on the quiet landscape, but in spirit she is far away from Ashleigh Thorpe and its surroundings, and her eyes grow dim with tears, as sad memories of the never-to-be-forgotten past come crowding in upon her mind. Many sorrowful scenes she beholds—her father struck down by the pestilential cholera, and the head of the house no more—she remembers all the slights her sister and herself endured at the hands of whilom friends, and the sharp struggles of genteel poverty, eking out a bare maintenance by teaching, united to a small income which belonged to her mother—herself and her twin sister, Louisa, passing not only their youth but their early womanhood in one continual struggle with a world, for which one of them, to say the least, was ill-fitted to cope. In disposition these twin sisters were as strikingly dissimilar as in personal appearance. Ella's vigorous mind and rough, dauntless energy, would carry her through those obstacles which often appeared insurmountable in the way of the more timid Louisa.

They had grown up together, had always loved each other sincerely and truly, though with a far from demonstrative affection; had always lived under the same roof, seldom been separated even for a few weeks, never knew what it was to quarrel, nay, harsh words had never been heard between them; they had shared the same sorrows and trials, and also the very few simple pleasures which those whose lot is cast in poverty can ever hope to know.

For some years the even tenor of their lives had been unbroken, their days passing by in a dull monotony, vegetating as it were in a small cottage on the outskirts of the good old town of Warwick; they labored for six or seven hours daily in the onerous and ill-paid duties of daily governesses; Louisa as a general instructress, and Ella in giving lessons in music and painting; in the latter beautiful art she more especially excelled. These twin sisters had reached the age of thirty, ere what may be termed the romance of life began.

There is very little chance of a settlement for a woman, however accomplished and amiable she may be, when the sphere of action is as limited as was that of Louisa and Ella Graham; nevertheless, the time was at hand when one at least was to be dragged from her obscurity.

Some two miles from Warwick there is a pretty retired nook, to which we shall give the name of Ashleigh Thorpe. Some thirty years ago, this still, secluded village, possessed yet greater claims to the picturesque than it can boast of now, when the whistle of the railway train has made itself heard,

and sundry showy white villas have sprung up within sight of the old Elizabethan Manor House, in which the Squire of Ashleigh Thorpe dwelt. In those far-away times, a few thatched cottages alone constituted a village, and a rough-looking place it was, despite its pretensions to rustic beauty; two or three farms, the village ale-house, a smithy, a pretty rural church, and a small parsonage, buried in a wilderness of flowers, was all that Ashleigh Thorpe could boast of possessing.

The Manor House was approachable by a spacious avenue lined with chestnut and beech; for the length of somewhat above half a mile it was perfectly straight, but then the road wound, and through the breaks in the trees the eye fell on an open glade of smooth green-sward, whilst in the distance on a gently swelling ground rose the massively-built red brick mansion, its latticed windows and stone terraces bespeaking its age.

A spacious and trimly-kept lawn extended around two sides of the house, the main entrance to which was accessible by a flight of steps; the hall door, surmounted by a spacious portico guarded by two stone griffins, gave ingress to a stately hall, paved with black and white marble, supported by six pillars, and beyond appeared a stone staircase, which branching off both to right and left opened into the upper apartments.

Ashleigh Thorpe Manor House was by no means what may be termed a cheery residence; on the contrary, for even on a summer day the sunlight, stealing through the stained or latticed windows, with their small diamond panes,

scarcely dispelled the feeling of gloom which pervaded some of the apartments.

This was particularly the case with the library in which Ella now was, and which for that very reason she liked to frequent the most when she visited her sister's home at Ashleigh Thorpe, and as the sunlight slowly fades away she sits with folded hands, watching the tiny occupant of the cradle at her feet, and calls to mind the circumstances attendant on her first visit, in company with her sister, to the Manor House, and an interview which had been held in that very room; for then she had been summoned to arrange for giving lessons in music and French to the young and pretty woman, who, formerly the house-maid of his deceased mother, Mr. Forrester had made his wife. How large a stretch of the imagination is necessary, thought Ella, as she sat revolving these memories of the past, before one could conceive that a short fifteen months later my own sister would by this woman's death become the mistress of Ashleigh Thorpe. Then the main sorrow of her own life, the sorrow which had made her a bitter and melancholy woman, came back. Led on till the very eve of her nuptials, with one in whom she had reposed the utmost love and confidence of an ardent and enthusiastic nature, she had tasted the greatest mortification it is possible for a high-minded woman to know, the news only then arriving that another, who possessed that in which she was deficient, the gift of fortune, had already been led to the altar.

As in a mirror before her eyes, she again beholds that painful vision

of the past. A fond old mother and a female friend are busy with herself, arranging those articles of female finery in which she shall be arrayed on the morrow's morn, and their careful hands are smoothing the folds of the soft white silk dress they have insisted she shall try on, whilst she, her mind preoccupied, is wondering why *he* does not come. "Why tarries he so late? He was to have returned two nights since," she murmurs half aloud, "what causes this strange delay?" And then she hears a footstep on the gravel walk without, and starting from the fond hands that would have detained her, she rushes in her bridal robe to greet the welcome guest. Alas, the post-boy only meets her gaze, but a painful thought darts across her mind: she snatches at the letter, but knows not the handwriting, and has thrown it on the table, turning away with an abstracted air, when as by a sudden impulse she takes it up again and tears it hurriedly open, a nameless something whispering that that tiny note shall reveal the cause of the delay. Her eyes fall on two short lines cut out of a newspaper; she stands erect, motionless, pale as a marble statue; she comprehends in one instant that she is the victim of the most heartless villainy to which a woman can be subjected; her features are rigid, her eyes tearless. Her mother gently withdraws the fatal paper from the passive hand that holds it, and the friend who had so gaily adjusted the folds of the wedding dress but a moment before, leans over her shoulder, eager to see if her apprehensions were correct.

.. "Ella, dear Ella, be comforted,"

says the gentle voice of Kathleen Fitz Maurice; "feel thankful that you have escaped becoming the wife of so bad a man as Mr. Smith must be."

But Ella's ears were deaf as it were to outward sounds. She seemed as in a trance, dead to all around her, alive only to the knowledge that she had been deceived and next betrayed; that the morning would dawn, not upon a happy bride, but upon a deceived, betrayed, and humbled woman; her very quietude, as she thus stood, pale and speechless, more alarming to her faithful friend and aged mother than the wildest outbursts of passion. Suddenly she turned as though about to leave the room; they arose to follow, but Ella signed them back with her hand, saying in a low and husky voice, "I only wish to divest myself of this silly finery, but I can as well remove it here;" "Kathleen," she added, tearing off hastily the silken robe, "take this away,—and this,—and this,—and never let me see them more." In two minutes the little parlor was shorn of everything that spoke of a bridal. And then, making a sign to Mrs. Graham, Kathleen stepped out of the room, and a moment later was seen by her tripping swiftly across the street in the direction of St. Wilfred's church. And well she divined the errand of the gentle girl. She had indeed hastened thither, to mention that Ella Graham would be no bride on the morrow's morn, and then away with all possible expedition to those few friends who had been summoned to the bridal, to bid them not come to the house on the morrow; to request them not even to call with

the idea of sympathy and consolation, till the poor stricken Ella should have recovered from this shock.

Then Kathleen, the daughter of a once wealthy citizen of Dublin, who failing in business had emigrated, with the hope of recovering his ruined fortunes, hastened to her own home, a poor home was that, inhabited by her mother and a younger sister, to warn them that she should remain with Ella for the night, and return very early in the morning, and then, to the unspeakable joy of Mrs. Graham, this kind-hearted friend returned to the cottage.

Ella's state was alarming enough; her eyes gleamed wildly, her hands were hot, her face flushed and feverish with excitement; she laughed lightly, rambled incoherently, and it was only after much gentle persuasion that she suffered her friend to prepare her for a night's rest.

Poor Mrs. Graham, with a heart full to bursting, drove back her tears manfully in presence of the stricken Ella, and Kathleen smoothed down the smooth white hair, and pressed her lips on the furrowed brow of the little slim old lady, saying, "Dear Mrs. Graham, for our poor Ella's sake, try and bear up still."

Perfectly still was Ella, giving no sign that she was conscious of the proximity of her friend, and little as she expected it, Kathleen had at last sunk into a slumber, from which she was aroused by a light low laugh.

Starting up in the bed, she quickly found that Ella had left her side, and by the light of the moon

beheld a sight which filled her with horror.

At the further end of the room there stood one of those large double chests of drawers, still to be met with in old-fashioned houses. Ella was mounted on a chair, and with a low, suppressed laugh, was evidently making an effort to pull down the cumbrous, unwieldy piece of furniture, for both hands were raised and firmly grasped the handles of the top drawer, which appeared to be locked, but Kathleen heard them creak, and saw them sway to and fro in the bright moonlight.

A chill crept over her, as the startling fear took possession of her mind, that her friend was seized with a fit of temporary insanity. She had heard that under such circumstances much presence of mind and absence of fear was necessary, so, springing from her bed, the dauntless Kathleen exclaimed, "Ella, Ella, come down quickly, I can show you a better way; let me help you, and we will soon pull down these old drawers."

Obedient as a child, Ella sprang from her chair, but Kathleen felt a chill creep over her, as she noted the wild glare that lighted up her eyes, as she caught hold of her friend with her feverish hands, and then her ready wit came to her assistance, and she exclaimed, "Hark, Ella! your mother screams for help; let us see what is the matter first."

As she spake thus, she hurried into the adjoining room, in which Mrs. Graham, aroused by the noise, was already stirring, and followed by Ella, succeeded in turning her from her dangerous attempt.

But even as she and Mrs. Graham conferred in an undertone, as to whether it would not be wise immediately to arouse the servant girl and despatch her in quest of medical attendance, they heard her descend the stairs and enter the kitchen.

Full of fear, they followed, and beheld her raise the handle of the pump, and place her heated head beneath it; and then lave her hot hands in the cooling stream.

Kathleen advanced, and herself drawing the water poured it over the hot throbbing head, and then gently withdrew her from the room, and persuading her to return to bed, she dismissed the maid for the immediate attendance of a medical man.

When he arrived, he found her in a state of the wildest delirium, from a sudden access of brain fever.

For three weeks the unfortunate Ella remained perfectly unconscious; for a long time after she became sensible, she was still an inmate of the sick-room, and then returned to the usual accomplishment of her daily duties, a pale, quiet, melancholy woman.

The sorrow of the child whom she had so dearly loved preyed on the gentle heart of the poor old lady, and before Ella had recovered sufficiently to be sensible of her loss, she breathed her last on the bosom of Kathleen, who, like a ministering angel, had been rarely absent from the house of suffering, except when Ella's sister, Mrs. Forrester, came to spend a few hours at the cottage.

The death of her mother, however, could not be kept a secret

long after Ella had recovered her senses; she was conscious of nothing, poor soul, at the time on which she lost her best friend; knew not that on a certain day on which she had recovered her senses, and had beckoned the weeping Kathleen to her side, that but an hour previous the remains of her beloved mother had been stealthily borne from the house; that never again on earth she should look on that dear aged face; then she lay long passive, looking at her thin white hands, noting how long she must have been ill, for a fire burned brightly in the stove, and it had been in the midst of a warm September when she had been taken ill. At length came the dreaded question, "Where is my mother?"

"She was taken very ill," was the harmless reply, "and had been removed elsewhere, while Ella herself was so bad."

Then a long time passed over, when Ella could scarcely be said to be herself; at any rate, she was oftener dead, to outward perception, than the reverse, and it frequently happened that Mrs. Forrester and Kathleen would confer together, as to whether her reason, which had tottered on its throne, would ultimately give way.

But by the aid of long and careful nursing, and above all by a natural fine constitution, she eventually rallied, and seemed to be quite herself; and then the news of her mother's death had to be gently broken out, with much fear lest the shock should cause a recurrence of her terrible malady.

A passionate flood of tears relieved her, then clasping her hands together, she murmured, "Poor

mamma, dear, fond mother, never again shall we meet in this world!" and then she sobbed out, in a paroxysm of grief, "Oh, dearest, best of mothers, would that I too were at rest with you in the silence of the grave!"

And then, as I just now told you, she got better, and became a thoughtful, melancholy woman, quite different to the Ella of old times. It was not well for her to be alone so much, people said, in that lonely cottage, in which she and her mother had lived so happily together.

Her desolate home, then, was broken up, and on the small income of fifty pounds a year, which reverted to her on the death of her mother, she contrived to live, spending the greater part of her time with her friends, the Fitz Maurices, except when invited, which she occasionally was for periods of from two to three months, to her more fortunate sister's home at Ashleigh Thorpe.

Let me return now from my long digression, for I have wandered very far from the point at which I started, for I was going to tell you that Ella's desolate heart was clinging with an intensity of affection of an almost exaggerated character, to the tiny occupant of the cradle at her feet.

Very affectionate in disposition she certainly was, and the void in her heart was insensibly to herself getting filled by none other than her sister's child.

She had come to Ashleigh Thorpe, unusually distressed in mind, on this last visit, in consequence of the departure of Kathleen and her family to Dublin, and Mrs.

Forrester, fearing the result of depression of spirits, neglected nothing in her power to make Ashleigh Thorpe a pleasant and cheerful residence, and, though she sometimes thought Ella's love exaggerated, and little liked to see her sister constituting herself as a species of nurse in her husband's wealthy household, she still loved to see the baby fondled in her sister's arms, and lulled to sleep on her bosom, believing, as she did, that Ella was happier since she had taken the little one to her heart.

On this evening, then, she suffered her mind to dwell long upon those sad images of the past, and for a time she could only wander to and fro in that large and somewhat gloomy room, quite lost in her sad musings, when suddenly the low wail of the baby fell upon her ear.

The next moment she was on her knees beside the cradle, her soft hands clasping those of the infant, her eyes full of love, fixed upon its little face. "*She* is fond of you," she sighed, looking down upon the unconscious child, "*but what* is her love compared to mine? and as to *him*—poor infant, your training will indeed be a rough one. What a garb for that eccentric man to vow his child shall wear," she added, sorrowfully, "a Holland blouse, a straw hat, and no shoes or stockings, after you are two years old, and she, the timid, weak creature, will submit even to such nonsense as this. Poor child, poor child, I would that you were mine. *I do so love you*, I should like to run away with you, and bring you up as my own, to love and do with you as I liked."

At this moment the infant of ten short months looked up smiling in her face, and held out its little arms for Ella to lift it from the cradle.

"Dear little fellow, how he loves me too," cried Ella, "better far than his mother, or his nurse. I only wish you could speak, Wally; but hold out your arms once again, my darling, and if you do I shall take it as a sign that the idea flitting through my mind is a just one. And then Aunt Ella won't go to London all alone, for Wally shall go with her."

It is much to be doubted if the little heir of Ashleigh Thorpe would have relished the proposal, had he been old enough to understand the strange notion that had entered his aunt's head, for despite the promise of the blouse, and the bare feet and legs, with which his eccentric father had threatened him, still he was undoubtedly the heir to the estate, whilst Aunt Ella had only her love to offer the child in return for despoiling him of his birthright, and a poor fifty pounds a year, to maintain both herself and the babe, should she resolve on putting her mad whim into execution.

As might be expected, the baby *did* hold out its arms again, for the evening was growing dark, and he liked his aunt's warm embrace better than his cradle, and the fond, foolish Ella pressed the wee thing to her bosom, caressing it, while her tears fell on its face, and she murmured, as she heard the well-known steps of the nurse advancing, "My own darling, I will be mother, and aunt, and everything—all the world to you."

"Oh, Miss Graham," said nurse,

hurriedly entering the room, "I fear I have been too long away; but you are so good as to insist on having Master Baby here with you, so that I hope I have not intruded too much on your kindness, especially seeing that I had bid Jane inquire should she take the child if he grew troublesome."

"Dear little thing, he is never troublesome," said Ella, kissing the child and giving him to the nurse.

"Ah, yes; but indeed he is, Miss; children wouldn't be children, in a manner of speaking, if they were not troublesome; and one needs a deal of patience with the little things, as you would know, Miss, if so be you had a child all day and no one to take care of it but yourself. A child be almost more than one person's work, at least, so *I* think." And with a strong emphasis on the personal pronoun, nurse left the room.

Ella remained in the gloomy library till some time after the Forresters had returned from their walk, and, but that they were well accustomed to the habits of isolation in which she had indulged since her misfortune, her peculiar abstraction, as she sat apart, later in the evening, from Mrs. Forrester and her husband, listlessly turning over the pages of a book, would have engaged their attention; as it was it passed unnoticed.

When she withdrew to her chamber for the night, it was not to rest, but rather to ponder over the odd idea which had entered her head. Again and again she revolved it in her mind, sometimes regarding her scheme in its true light, as wild and foolish in itself, and heartless and cruel to the child and its parents;

but oftener soothing herself with the thought that this infant would stand between herself and the horror with which she regarded a desolate and lonely life.

That she might ever marry, Ella regarded as a perfect impossibility. She was still quite young enough to render such an idea amidst the range of probabilities for some years to come. Moreover, she was undoubtedly what the world would consider a handsome woman, but insulted and injured as she had already been, she had not the faintest wish, from very fear, to turn her thoughts in that direction.

It was late ere she went to bed; before doing so she had formed in her mind some very strange resolutions.

On awakening, in the morning, her thoughts soon turned to her odd fancy of the previous night, and she expressed herself aloud, saying—

“What horror I felt when the Fitz Maurices left England; it is a miserable thing for a woman to live quite alone. Well, now, I shall have the dear babe always with me; he will grow up thinking I am his mother. I shall thus be sure of his love. But I must be very careful how I act, so as not to raise their suspicions.”

In the course of the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Forrester announced their intention of spending the afternoon and evening from home; thus, a good opportunity was afforded to Ella, to prosecute a plan she had in her head, and within an hour after their departure, she was some distance on the road to Leamington.

CHAPTER II.

GONE.

IT was about four in the afternoon, when she arrived at Leamington, and her face shaded by a thick veil, she entered one of the many handsome shops in which ready-made articles of baby clothing are vended, and requesting that she might be shown some articles of a medium quality, she selected from thence two of a sort, resolving on making a further purchase on her arrival in London. Conscious that if she returned to the Manor House with a large parcel it would attract attention, and concealing the little package within the folds of a large shawl which she had put on for the purpose, she reached her sister's home some time before the return of herself and her husband.

Retiring to her own room, she closed and locked the door, and then opened her parcel, and the truth must be owned, that her eyes were dimmed with tears, and she felt a qualm of conscience, perhaps, for the first time, as her eyes fell on the neat, but comparatively-speaking humble articles, which were to be exchanged for the fine lace and cambric clothing, and cashmere and satin hat and pelisse, now worn by the little heir of Ashleigh Thorpe.

Her heart, however, was pitiless, both towards the child and its parents, and a little incident which occurred the next day quite settled her original resolution, and sent her to rest a seemingly happy woman. After dinner, Ella asked for the little child to be brought in, and very pretty it looked, in its white muslin frock trimmed with

lace, the sleeves tied up with blue ribbon.

Mrs. Forrester had brought home with her a female friend; the lady was loud in her admiration of the child, and in truth it was a charming, chubby, healthy-looking little fellow, its long dark lashes veiling its large hazel eyes, its small head already plentifully covered with soft curly hair.

"Dear, charming little fellow," said the guest, taking the child from its nurse's arms, and again reseating herself at the table.

But Master Wally did not, like most children, approve of strange faces. He set up a loud scream, and thrusting forwards his little hands, overturned the contents of a glass of wine into the lady's lap, thereby destroying a handsome light silk dress, in which she was arrayed, and holding out his mischievous little arms, uttered an almost unintelligible word, which however Ella understood to signify, "Auntie."

Mrs. Forrester was vexed for three reasons: First, the screaming of the child distressed her nerves; secondly, she saw that the infant had undoubtedly destroyed Miss Lowe's lavender silk; and thirdly, she felt a pique against the innocent baby, because it had sought refuge in its aunt's arms instead of her own.

"Take away the squalling, naughty little thing, nurse. How sorry I am, Ella, that you asked for the child. The nursery is the fittest place for children."

"Poor baby," said Ella, kissing the face of the child, which lay nestled in her bosom. "He was

just frightened at a strange face; nothing more. Take him, nurse," she added, and a singular smile was on her face as she spoke, "he must not come here any more. Aunt Ella will never ask mamma to let him be brought in again."

"You are foolish with that child, Ella," said her brother-in-law, "Louisa is quite right: the nursery *is* the best place for babies."

Meanwhile, Miss Lowe looked angrily at the unconscious infant, and then at her spoiled dress; but, glad to cultivate the friendship of the Forresters, because they were better off than herself, she strove with as good a grace as she could assume to make light of the accident, as trivial and unimportant.

Ella retired very early that night. Did not Mrs. Forrester note that her sister's kiss was more earnest than usual, her customary pressure of the hand warmer than was its wont? But no: she thought nothing of all this at the time, nor did her husband; but they did think much about it later.

Let us look into Ella's room; mighty preparations are going on there. Her simple wardrobe has been made up many hours ago, and sent off by train; she having told the servant that the box contained a quantity of music, which she was sending to the binder's. One small parcel she had kept to take with her; it contained a change of wearing apparel for the baby.

Ella knew that early on the morrow her sister and brother-in-law had arranged to accompany Miss Lowe to her house, and that they would not return till somewhat late in the evening. She had herself received an invitation to be one of

the party; but had declined, for her own especial reasons.

Ella rose as usual at an early hour, and took her customary ramble in the grounds of the Manor House, whilst her sister was yet asleep, and had spent an hour in the old library before the family met for breakfast.

Did no one notice that on that particular morning her manner was peculiarly abstracted; her face flushed; that she replied with unusual brevity, sometimes in a manner not at all to the purpose? I think not: for they were engaged in planning a pleasant picnic for the ensuing week. Nevertheless, Miss Lowe, who always gave herself great credit for her powers of observation, persisted in the assertion, when a certain startling event had taken place, that Miss Graham's manner had seemed exceedingly odd to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrester and guest had left Ashleigh Thorpe for some hours, and Ella had, as usual, asked that the child should remain with herself, and in the afternoon, when it had been brought home sleepy and tired from its usual airing, she dismissed the nurse with the customary remark that she would ring if the baby should awaken.

Five o'clock struck, the hour at

which Ella knew the servants would be busily occupied over their tea, which their love of gossip invariably made a somewhat long affair, and then rising, she took from a closet a cloak and close cottage bonnet (how unlike was that pretty cottage bonnet to the so-called bonnets of the present day). In a couple of minutes she was in walking garb, a thick lace veil (the little fall of later years was not then known) thrown over the bonnet, the more effectually to screen her features from observation.

Then she gently raised the sleeping infant, lulling it against her bosom to hush its whining, for the movement had partly aroused it from its slumbers, and slipping on a large blue merino cape, trimmed with swan's-down, and tying a white hat on the little head, from which was suspended a veil of fine Shetland wool, she gave one hasty glance around, nervously grasped a small parcel, containing the change of clothing for the baby, and passing through a glass door which opened into the garden, she bade adieu to Ashleigh Thorpe forever!

Unconscious baby! small cause hadst thou, in after-life, to thank the loving Ella for stealing thee away from thy home!

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH OF MARY.

The flowers have appeared in our land ; the time of pruning is come ; the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree hath put forth her green figs ; the vine in flower yield their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one, and come. (CANT. 11: 12, 13.)

THESE words of the sacred canticle, in which the Spouse invites His beloved to rejoice with Him at the season when earth is putting forth her flowers and fruits, and everything in nature wears the forms of beauty, will be felt to illustrate the loving devotion with which the Church, during the month of May, fixes her all but supreme regards upon the Blessed Mother of God, "*the Mother of fair love*," singing her sweet praises in songs of joy, and offering devotions at her altars, amid the frequent memorials of spring and early summer. "*Winter is now past, the rain is over and gone*." Easter has followed on Lent and Passion tide ; the morning of gladness on the night of weeping ; the very face of nature seems to reflect the joyous spirit of the Church ; our Lord is abroad in the world after His Resurrection, clothed in glory, and scattering bounties around Him ; apostles are gathering in that gracious Presence strength for their labors ; holy women, first at the sepulchre, who "watched for their Lord at break of day," have received the reward of their faith in the confirmation of their hope, and the filling up of the measure of their consolation. One is yet wanting to occupy the foremost place in the smiling picture ; one who was pierced with sorrow awhile ago must come to partake in

the universal joy. "Arise then, beautiful one, arise and come. Help us to rejoice in the glorious triumph of Redemption." She consoled with us at the foot of the cross ; she must rejoice with us in the day of our comfort. "*My dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall, show me thy face ; let thy voice sound in my ears ; for thy voice is sweet, and thy face comely*." (Cant. 11: 14). Here we have a clue to the honor which the Church bestows upon the most Blessed Virgin Mary during what is called her own peculiar month. And why is the month of May chosen as the befitting season of this beautiful and edifying devotion ? It seems fit that we should pay extraordinary honor to the Blessed Mother of our Lord at a time of so much joy to Him. The month of May always comprehends some portion of the Paschal season, and when we reflect that none ever lived on earth to whom the Resurrection was an occasion of such joy as to the Blessed Virgin, we may well make the season in which we remember it the time of special congratulation with her. But the Resurrection brought to that Mother of many sorrows, not merely a return of joy, but an accession of glory. Can we think that Mary was privileged to share the Passion of her Divine Son, without also sharing the glory

of His Resurrection? Mary, too, has her Easter. She who was united with her Blessed Jesus in His infancy; she who was never sundered from Him, except when He was engaged in His Father's business, now that He has finished the work for which He came into the world, is restored to His happy society, never again to be torn from it.

O thrice blessed Mother! while we remember the joys of thy most Holy Son, we cannot lose sight of thine own; but blend thine image with His in our hearts, now that it is radiant with light and joy, as when in His nativity we saw thee bending over Him with fond maternal tenderness, or watching His early years in the house of Nazareth, or sharing His sorrows at the foot of the cross. And the month which we give to Mary is the month of all others, the most like her sweet and graceful virgin self. Midway between stern winter and garish summer, the month of May is the symbol of bright and perpetual youth.

The Canticle of Canticles, which is the chronicle of the "glories of Mary," is replete with the memorials of spring-time. It is a kind of holy pastoral; its scene is laid in the midst of budding flowers, by the side of plentiful streams, under the shade of fragrant shrubs, where the beasts of the field are bounding with joy, and the birds of the air are making melody, and the joys of one holy and elected pair are the burden of sacred song, in such a way that we seem as for the time in another Paradise, where two only tenants are solacing themselves with divine discourse. And where

is the counterpart of this peaceful vision but in the loving converse of Jesus and Mary after the Resurrection, when those chaste souls were knit together in closest bonds of holy love, the world being converted by their presence from a wilderness of confusion into a paradise of delights; and instead of the thorns and thistles of sin, fair flowers of holy hope springing up on every side to beautify their path and honor their progress? And this blessed vision of the united glories of Jesus and Mary is renewed every Easter to the eye of faith. But even as at the Resurrection of our Lord, there were many on whose dull sight those glories were lost; so it is to be feared that on each renewal of that happy time there are many who miss the benediction of Jesus and Mary. Now as then there is an inner and an outer world, the one a garden of sweets, the other a Babel of confusion. The world, too, like the Church, has its "month of May;" what feeds devotion in the Church pampers luxury in the world; what to the Church are sights of beauty, to the world become incentives of evil; gales of health are converted into vehicles of contagion, pure fountains of joy into wells of poisoned waters. Another purpose then, of the consecration of this month to Mary is that of reclaiming it from the world, of giving the beautiful to the *Beautiful*, of exorcising nature, and putting a good spirit within it, and vindicating for our Lord and His Blessed Mother, the sovereignty of the earthly Paradise.

Use God's gifts as we may, they never will be stinted. "*He makes*

His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust." Every year He clothes the grass of the field, and gives to the lilies their more than regal glory.

The Church will not stand by and suffer the world to despoil her of her territory, to lay sacrilegious hands upon the property of Christ and his Blessed Mother. But what the Church has principally in view at this holy season, is the consecration of her children to the service of the Immaculate. And since the Blessed Mother is peculiarly the model and the patroness of virgin purity, the Church makes her prominent at a time when the lustre of that grace is more than usually liable to be tarnished. The world spreads all its charms before the wretched children of Eve, heirs by nature of the corruption as well as of the guilt of the first authors of their race. The tempter appeals in every way, as at the first, to the love of the beautiful, which is an instinct of nature; he seeks to entangle the judgment and reason in the meshes of the affections; he spreads a fair covering over his own pitfalls, that we may seem to be treading on secure ground when abysses of misery and ruin are in truth yawning below. What does the Church? She seeks to consecrate that love of the beautiful which she finds in us; she seeks to bind on the side of holy purity those enthusiastic instincts with which the pliant mind of youth is gifted; to elicit them by holy attractives, to guide them by wise management, till that of which, left to itself,

might have incumbered the ground by its undisciplined shoots, and wasted itself in a merely idle and unhealthy luxuriance, she rears a goodly and prolific vine, ample in foliage, and rich in fruit, the joy of beholders, and the ornament of the house of God.

Lastly, we are under a particular obligation to honor the Blessed Virgin as a means of repairing the injury done her within late years. Sad indeed it is to think that in so many places devoted in her honor, and once vocal with her praise, her name is now scarcely mentioned, or mentioned only in language of contempt. What has been the result? Is her divine Son more loved and honored? On the contrary, all experience has justified the foresight of the Church in guarding the doctrine of our Lord's divine personality by a symbol expressing the dignity of His Blessed Mother.

Where Mary is not honored as Mother of God, the truth of "God manifest in flesh" cannot but be endangered. "*Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.*" So spake the holy St. Elizabeth, as if the glories of the Mother and the Son should never be separated. And hence the Church exalts the Blessed Virgin as a guardian of faith, saying: "*Rejoice, O Virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the entire world.*" Nor is it strange that she, who was first chosen to give us a Redeemer, should afterwards be empowered to preserve the gift from suffering through the malice of the devil.

M.

THE WANTS OF THE PRESENT AGE IN REGARD TO EDUCATION.

FIRST PAPER.

WE are accustomed to pride ourselves on the improvement we have made in knowledge, on the national progress in intelligence, on the defeat everywhere made manifest and exulted over in songs of triumph, of the powers of darkness, and the reign of chaos, and of night. We are used on all occasions to imagine that the former times were characterized by nothing but rudeness, ignorance, galling superstitions, turbulent ferocity, dangers, sufferings, and manifold social imperfections; and to look back upon them with something of that contempt, with which a joyless and apathetic dotage often looks back upon the restless and inexperienced season of early manhood. In the business of education more particularly, we are proud of our own superiority. We exult over the diffusion of knowledge, and over the mechanical and social contrivances by which that result has been brought about. Not only societies for the extension of science, mechanics' institutes, our literary associations, and other bodies framed for the purpose of keeping alive among persons of mature age a love of learning; but in addition to these, our institutions for the young, schools, new universities are contemplated with self-complacent satisfaction, and upon older schools and universities we are beginning to look down with the contempt we think due to the unenlightened ages which gave them birth.

Upon the pinnacle of our present

advancement we repose calmly, and casting our eyes abroad we behold with an eye of pity our apparent elevation above the eminences we left behind, of which the height is lost in the distance, and stretching out our hands towards the future, we seem as though we would grasp and appropriate to ourselves as our undoubted inheritance, all the benefits which are destined to belong to those who come after us, and who will mount higher than even our victorious steps have yet raised us. In all things, and especially in the matter of education, we are vain and boastful of the present. We pity and despise the past, and by anticipation we reckon as our own the rich treasures of the future. In these comfortable reflections there is unquestionably much falsehood, as in all self-congratulation, yet much truth. In these latter days some difficulties have been overcome, some improvements have been secured. The men of the past and of the present ages have not lived and are not living in vain. They have all, well or ill, performed their appointed task. Under their guidance, society, if it has not advanced, has at least been brought into a state which renders advancement henceforth more easy. Whether on the whole, the palm of superiority can be given to the present age over some which have preceded it, may be doubtful. In some things, and those not unimportant nor foreign to the business of education, we cannot but recog-

nize a clear and undoubted inferiority. Most certainly we cannot make an indiscriminate panegyric on the schools of the middle ages, with their somewhat pedantic studies, and their strict and vigorous discipline. There is an education more valuable than that gained at schools; there are schoolmasters that leave on the minds of their scholars more deep and lasting marks than the schoolmasters of modern times.

Let us then for a few moments look back over the times that have preceded us, and observe by what agency so much was formerly achieved, which we are now unable to accomplish; let us understand clearly our position in this business of education compared with that of our forefathers. The middle ages have often been denominated iron ages, but if they had in any degree the hardness and ruggedness of iron, they had also its strength. It is not to them we look for a smooth and polished surface in society; it is not to them that we look for the undeviating practice (in outward acts) of the social virtues; it is not to them we look for a well-ordered material well-being, including all ranks in its wide embraces; but to them we may look for that which, with all our improvements, has been almost trodden out amongst us, for individual energy and vigor of mind, for spirits to whom danger, trouble, and difficulty were the elements of their daily life, for men by whom, if cruelty and pain were often ruthlessly inflicted, they were at least unshrinkingly borne. Those were not times for the feeble and irresolute. In them, as the strong, the energetic, the patient, could

alone front successfully the difficulties of life, so those times were fertile in men who were strong in action, and patient in endurance. In the rude half anarchy which succeeded the downfall of the Roman empire, each man deprived of the protection which society now so easily affords, was compelled to seek his daily safety and the prosperity of his life in the strength of his own arm and the vigor of his character; or, if he did seek protection elsewhere, it was not in a complicated organization which crushed all individual character, but in an association in which, in return for protection, he surrendered his sword and his arm to the service in the field of some powerful chieftain. In this surrender he found the means of a full development and employment of his own rude energies. Fealty, submission, a life of activity, free scope for enterprise and heroic achievement, but strict and habitual subservience, subjection recognized as honorable reverence to those above him, made the very condition and means of his turbulent freedom; such, in one of its aspects, was the daily life of the private man of those ages. And when the Church, ever active to mix itself up with all the business of society, seized hold of these feudal customs, consecrated them by the sanction of religion, and out of them built up a feudal chivalry, it hallowed and strengthened, and made permanent the reverence spoken of by superadding to it a reverence of a higher character, by connecting it with the hopes and fears of another world.

Strange as it may seem to us, in whom reverence is now so feeble, it

was by this double reverence alone, that in centuries which had no law and no lawmaker, society was able not merely to hold itself together, but to advance with sure and certain steps in the career of improvement. While men were being thus trained by the natural education of circumstances, the artificial training of childhood, hardly less inartificial than that of manhood, exhibited the same characteristics. The mind and body of the future feudal warrior were alike disciplined for stormy scenes through which his course lay. His literary education was contemptible, both in quality and amount; but he was instructed in those manly exercises which communicate vigor and hardihood to the mind. In the practice of these, he was habituated to look forward to feats of heroism, and his soul was, in some degree, fed daily with visions of future glory to be won, not by excelling in the cut of a coat, but in the performance of difficult achievements. The implicit obedience exacted under the sway of the pedagogue, and no less strictly exacted by parents, before whom all external marks of honor and submission, the standing posture, the uncovered head were rigorously enforced; these things taught him, or rather forced him to feel that habitual reverence for authority, for his superiors, for that which was above him, which centuries that knew no legislator but custom, was, as we have said, the only bond which kept society from dissolution.

Let no man suppose that these middle ages, vulgarly called dark ages, were times of mental apathy, nor that in the place of heroism

and reverence, we ought to have spoken of brute force and servile fear.

The race of men, among whom were made those brilliant discoveries which no subsequent age has equalled, printing, gunpowder, the compass, the representative system, the race of men among whom, when sloth and worldly indolence had in part invaded the priesthood, there went forth to rescue religion from contempt a St. Dominic and a St. Francis, with their thousands, of poor and humble preachers, claiming and receiving honor and reverence for their spiritual greatness, and through that, winning the respect of all men to their coarse and lowly garments, their scanty diet, their voluntary poverty; this was not a race among whom sense, and the things of sense had a sure and undoubted empire. Book learning indeed may have been wanting, but amongst them were working and fermenting in every direction, transcendent intellectual vigor, and high moral energies. The great names which illustrated the revival of letters, sprung from no puny forefathers. These intellectual giants were not descended from moral dwarfs. When the sun of learning rose into the upper hemisphere and disclosed what in the night of book ignorance had been working unseen, it laid bare the limbs and sinews of the sons of Anak. The good seed was scattered everywhere abroad; but the harvest which ensued showed in what soil that seed had been planted. In these middle ages then, amongst many weeds now happily extinct, there sprung up as it were spontaneously from the soil of a half

organized society, almost without the artificial discipline of schools, two flowers of everlasting value, heroism, or internal energetic strength, and reverence.

The business of education, in those times, was to control, to repress, to soften, to subdue. Living strength was there—manhood, energy—the stuff of which everything great is and must be moulded; but too often grim and unlovely, they needed the hand of the artist to fashion them into shapes of immortal beauty and loveliness.

With all its merits and demerits this middle age passed away. Society became more settled. The overwhelming preponderance of regal authority in part crushed the local independence of the barons, and substituted comparative tranquillity for the turbulent excitement of a life of daily warfare. One source then of the heroism of former ages was beginning at least to be dried up. At the same time the other source of supersensual strength, the influence of the Church over daily life, was hourly decreasing.

Society, we have said, became more settled; but it was yet far from attaining its present state of mechanical regularity. Daily life, though its turbulence was diminished, had not yet settled down into a formal routine. Comparative tranquillity was indeed attained; but it was a tranquillity, which in our present condition of legal regularity, we should account anarchy. It was undoubtedly a great advance on what had gone before; but it was a state of society which required in every man the cultivation of all the practical activity of his mind.

For his own self-defence and protection of his own well-being each man had still to be on the alert. The law had not yet succeeded in altogether curbing the powerful. The central authority of the state had not yet acquired an energy which enabled it to dispense with individual energy, or justified private persons in reposing in its vigor in indolent inactivity.

Under an exterior of order the records of those times show us a state from which our unenterprising luxuriousness would shrink aghast. Society, though it had attained a certain degree of tranquillity, though its extreme turbulence was passed, retained a character of activity most opposite to all our notions of peace and calmness.

In the meantime, as we have already hinted, other influences of a most potent nature were beginning to operate. With the attainment of comparative tranquillity commerce was revived. But the discovery of new regions, the Eastern and the Western Indies, communicated to it a character which in our days it has almost entirely lost. Instead of being the low, mechanical operation of modern times, it had in it something generous and romantic. The merchant was a voyager into unexplored, or at least unfamiliar, seas. In a little bark he ventured to encounter the yet unfamiliar perils of oceans but lately traversed, and of an extent to which the seas of old, known to commercial enterprise, were but as lakes, week after week, at a distance from land which would have amazed and affrighted his predecessors, and which in him required a heroic, undaunted disposition. But he did

not encounter these perils for nothing. No ; a hope as mighty as the sense of danger stirred within him. At the ends of the earth he trusted, at the expense of still continuing hazard and enterprise, to found empires, to reap the rich harvest of unexplored gold mines, to store his vessel with the jewels of the East and of the West, with spices, with frankincense, with myrrh.

The largeness of the profits arising from the sudden expansion of the fields of commercial enterprise was not without its effect. The rapid accumulation of wealth by chance, in ease and tranquillity, by the turn of a die, by plunder, by the fortune of war, or by any other accident which may never again return, too often communicates to the character a fixed inveterate avarice ; but the merchants of those days, acquiring as they did immense wealth by regular industry, joined with heroic enterprise, in a field apparently boundless, felt within themselves a true nobility of soul. They were not huckstering anxiously after the last farthing. As their wealth poured in, not indeed without difficulty, but yet with profuseness, they insensibly acquired a character of generosity. They were princes of the earth, not merely in their riches, but in real princely magnanimity. Daily exploring new wonders in the deep and on the land, they became not narrow petty formalists, but men of large and capacious understanding. Exposed in the infancy of navigation to personal perils almost unknown in our times, they imbibed a certain profound spiritual assurance that their lives, their wealth, and all they had were in the hand of that Almighty

Ruler, who, as He had freely given, might also, if His will were so, at one stroke take them all away. Even the miser of that day was something of a poet ; not filling his stomach with windy abstractions of stocks or exchequer bills, or railway shares, or scrip of this denomination or that, but feeding fat his soul in gloating over solid bars of silver and of gold, over ingots, over diamonds of untold price, over rich heaps of substantial and glittering treasure.

But while the discovery of new worlds of sense and worldly wealth communicated this impulse to the men of commerce, the invention of printing opened a new spiritual world of equally boundless and inexhaustible riches, which communicated an impulse of a far deeper, wider, and more permanent character. Let us imagine in the present day a man whose mind, cultivated to a certain point, has been fitted for the quick reception of the truths and modes of thinking, developed in the writings of some great mind with which he has been hitherto unacquainted. When these writings are for the first time brought under his notice what a change is suddenly produced in him. A new world of thought is all at once revealed within him. With zeal he gives himself up to the study of this new sage. All his faculties are quickened and set in motion. There is a complete revolution for a time. In a certain sense the whole world has become new to him. This is what actually takes place now in this unenthusiastic age, more than once in the lives of all men of any pretension to mental cultivation. And how would it be with him if he

found himself encompassed on every side by men in the same mental condition, if, instead of his enthusiasm being based on the writings of some one mind, it was enkindled not alone by all the masterpieces of human imagination, wit, reason, and eloquence, but by even a more universal acquaintance than before with the transcendent revelations of divine wisdom? What would have taken place if (as in the days of the revival of learning) the inspiration had fallen upon nations not sunk in sloth and skepticism, but of great inward heroism and outward activity, of deep reverence and healthy spiritual character, having not merely the capacity to receive, but the true creative energy to appropriate and reconstruct; if it had fallen upon such a people, and had proceeded from all the master-minds of Greece, of Rome, of modern Italy, from books which, with all the freshness of novelty, spoke not the unauthorized and doubtful words of modern innovation, but had upon them the crust of antique reverence, and breathed the language of time-honored and undoubted wisdom! From causes such as these, which in the age of the revival of learning attained their fullest development, proceeded consequences of the highest importance. Such circumstances of themselves constituted an education without the aid of schools, and were the causes of a mighty efficiency, and of a most extensive operation. The lowest cottage caught some gleam of the conflagration which enveloped in its flames all the wealthier classes of society. To the poorest dwelling penetrated some flashes of the

wisdom and heroism of ancient days. Accordingly we see that, not indeed in the absence of schools, but without schools of any peculiar excellence, and without educators on the average of more than very ordinary capacities, a natural education of the highest and most comprehensive character was in full operation. And when we look at the fruits of that education, at the men of that age, we discern at once how universal, how many-sided it really was. Wherever we turn our eyes, whatever class of society appears distinctly before us in the records of that time, we cannot but recognize on the whole a superiority over our own age; a superiority not of knowledge, but of *character*. No man of any eminence was in those days content to excel narrowly in any one pursuit. With a generous eagerness after excellence, each man strove to cultivate his whole mind. The speculative and active powers were not, as in the present age, divorced, but cultivated in harmonious unison. Reason was not developed to the exclusion of the imagination, nor imagination to the exclusion of the reason; individual peculiarity was not sacrificed, but was found consistent, reverence for all forms of excellence.

Amid convulsion and tumult, however, this silver age passed away. A more tranquil, peaceable, and settled condition of society ensued, and the legal distribution of political power suited itself to the actual relative importance of the different classes.

Accompanying this fortunate settlement was to be seen a great improvement in the outward condition of society, in the energy and au-

thority of the law, in the impartial administration of justice, in the physical comfort of daily existence, and generally in all the branches of material well-being. But with regard to spiritual well-being the case was reversed. In all the changes of those times, with few exceptions, as we advance nearer and nearer to outward prosperity, we recede farther and farther from spiritual greatness. As the times become more orderly the men become more insignificant. And this is so, not merely in the case of the statesmen whose capacity may seem, as by a law of nature, to be wisely adapted to the work they have to do, but in all departments of life we behold the same stunted littleness.

In all the branches of literature, with here and there indeed a great name towering above the herd, in all the glimpses which we get into private life, the same spectacle presents itself. Society has assumed the aspect of a widespread barren desert. That glowing inspiration, that spiritual energy, which for

centuries had made heroes and prophets, has all passed away. The race of men indeed remains the same. Whatever weakness we behold, it is the weakness of an active, energetic people. Their minds are employed on small matters, on matters chiefly affecting their outward condition, and within that narrow sphere they display energy and power enough. But everything lofty, everything profound, has wellnigh disappeared. And, indeed, when we examine the matter closely, we cannot but observe that everything which in former times breathed inspiration and produced heroism has disappeared likewise. Artificial education, of which it is the business to supply, as far as may be, the defects of outward circumstances, remained in the same unsatisfactory state as heretofore. As in the former times we traced back little inspiration to the schools of learning, so in the eighteenth century we need not expect that they will send forth greatness when other and mightier agents have ceased to work.

A LESSON in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb, where'er they tread,
Are printed signs, which rightly read,
Will lead them from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and happiness, and God.

A DEATHBED PROMISE.

FROM the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature and unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free-will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark beseeching dying eyes

upon him, he could not deny the petition: he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife; and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick-chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the prom-

ise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household* was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after a while, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to cele-

brate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly-worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gayety in keeping with the scene. This gayety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, make up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip re-

turned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw! glances indeed. Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit; a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the Westwood's, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the

book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wonted and welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged, pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed

attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty for self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change, and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own

mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was paltering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now house-keeper), to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tryed fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils. There came a time, however,

when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered, that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy of course. Poor Philip Stourton.

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor he endeavored to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After a while the marriage-day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but strangely enough that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were anything but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked: "By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected, and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said: "I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip, "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: "You are about to be married to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said: "Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after

a short pause smilingly said: "Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath?" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears. "What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation con-

tained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offence, conscience reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By and by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife, earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed pas-

sion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down upon his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. O Philip! had you

urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved: and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition. "You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger. I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her; she has been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued; "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something

about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen: I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died, she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of that act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: "Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had

you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it, and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor was it long before the bells rang
Westwood had to weigh another out a merry marriage-peal for Philip
proposal, urged with greater ear- Stourton's second nuptials.
nestness and new credentials ; nor

THE LILY.

A MAIDEN said to a Lily,
 "I go to the dance to-night ;
Wilt thou nestle among my tresses,
 O Lily, so pure and white?"
But the Lily answered, "O maiden,
 I should droop in the heat and glare,
And die in thy shining ringlets ;—
 Place the glowing carnation there."

A bride saw the Lily blooming,
 "I go to the Altar to-day ;
In my bridal-garland, sweet Lily,
 I will twine thy pale, beautiful spray."
"Why sadden thy bridal, lady,
 By wearing my cold, white flowers?
Sweet roses and orange-blossoms
 Should gladden thy joyous hours."

A mother wept o'er the Lily ;
 "In thy pallid beauty rare
Thou shalt lie on my dead child's bosom,
 For surely thy place is there."
"O mourning, sorrowful mother,
 Thou hast seen one blossom fade ;
On the shroud of thy broken lily,
 Be a wreath of immortelles laid."

A young girl whispered : "O Lily,
 Let me place thee on my breast,
For the sweet Lord Jesus cometh
 To-day in my heart to rest."
And the Lily murmured : "Yes, maiden,
 On thy heart let my blossoms lie,
That my pure white petals may wither
 Near the Lord of purity."

THOMAS MOORE AND HIS WORKS.

THOMAS MOORE was born in the city of Dublin on the 28th of May, 1780. His father carried on business as a grocer, and afterwards, through the interest of his gifted son, obtained the situation of barrackmaster. Moore's parents were strict Catholics, and he was, of course, educated in that faith. Moore always spoke of his mother in language of the most endearing and affectionate nature; and he preserved this honorable feature of his character undiminished throughout life. It was of his mother that Moore wrote the beautiful and well-known lines commencing, "They tell us of an Indian tree."

Moore's talents were developed at a very early age. He was educated at the school of Mr. Whyte, in Dublin, the same establishment in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan had been a scholar, and it would seem no creditable one either; for he who in after years dazzled the age with his eloquence and wit, was pronounced by his schoolmaster an "incorrigible dunce." Moore's schoolmaster was proud of his scholar, and frequently brought him forward for the purpose of reciting some prologue or epilogue, at private theatricals, a species of amusement then much in vogue. At the age of thirteen, Moore sent contributions to a Dublin magazine, entitled the "*Anthologia Hibernica*." One of the best of these was a poetical address to his schoolmaster.

Being the child of Irish Catholic parents, Moore was (to use his own

words) one of the Helots of the land, and soon felt the chain by which Catholic Ireland was so long fettered. The bar was opened to Catholics in 1793, but not its honors; and the university, though permitting Catholics to take one degree, was (as Moore expresses it), as to distinctions and emoluments, "a fountain sealed." These galling and degrading marks of social inequality rankled deep in the mind of every Catholic, and it cannot therefore be a source of astonishment that the French Revolution of 1789 (deeply though it struck at much which Catholics revere) should be welcomed by the misgoverned in every clime. Moore mentions, as illustrative of the extent of this feeling in Ireland, that on one occasion, when he was taken by his father, in 1792, to a public dinner, he was placed on the knee of the chairman, while the toast, "May the breezes from France fan the Irish oak into verdure," was enthusiastically sent round.

In 1793, Moore entered Trinity College, and resolved to show that though he could not obtain the university honors to which his Protestant fellow-students were allowed to aspire, he would prove that the difference arose from no monopoly of intellect conferred by nature on the disciples of that creed, which was so carefully taken under the fostering protection of man. He also had another object in view. He felt anxious to gratify the honorable pride of a kind and affectionate mother. He came forward as a candidate for a scholarship, and

succeeded in passing a most difficult examination with credit; but here he was stopped, for as a Catholic, he could only enjoy the honor of having proved that as far as intellectual endowments were concerned, he had proved his right to those emoluments which, on account of his religion, he was obliged to forego.

In 1794, Moore first attempted political satire, a department of writing in which he afterwards so conspicuously shone. His earliest effort of this character was an "Ode to his Majesty Stephen, king of Dalkey," a sportive effusion respecting a mock court, which was held by a club which annually assembled on Dalkey Island, near Dublin. In this ode, Moore displayed an early tendency towards satire, and some of his lines on George III gave evidence of the early development of strong powers of sarcasm.

Moore was intimately acquainted with many of those who afterwards became implicated in the disastrous transactions of 1798. With Robert Emmett he was on terms of constant intercourse, meeting him often both in the "Historical Society," and in private life. From such friends it is no wonder that Moore imbibed feelings of the strongest and most exciting nature, and accordingly we find him in 1797 contributing to the columns of the *Press*, a paper written by the principal literary characters amongst the United Irishmen. He was not, however, destined to be drawn into the vortex into which so many men of ability were drawn, for the watchful care of an anxious mother guarded him, and at her

request he ceased to be connected with the exciting literature of the period to which we refer. "By gentle and womanly watchfulness," says Moore, "by the providence of the little world of home, I, although placed in the very current of the movement, and living familiarly with some of the most daring of those who propelled it, was guarded from any participation in their secret oaths, counsels, or plans, and thus escaped all share in that wild struggle to which so many far better men than myself fell victims."

The first literary work of importance on which Moore employed his pen, was a translation of Anacreon, an author whose writings he warmly admired. At a very early age, Moore formed the intention of publishing an English version of the songs of Anacreon, and a translation of the fifth ode by Moore appeared in 1794, in the pages of the "*Anthologia Hibernica*." It was some years before he completed the translation, and he then submitted the manuscript to one of the Fellows of Trinity College, hoping that he would introduce the work to the notice of the Board. His friend, however, advised him to publish the translation without connecting it with the University, as some members of the Board might object to come forward as the patrons of a work which transferred into the vernacular, the glowing sentiments of the Greek lyrist. Moore, accordingly, when he went to London in 1799, for the purpose of keeping terms at the Middle Temple, published his version of the Teian bard. Though the translation is very paraphrastic, it contains considerable evidence of an inti-

mate acquaintance with the Greek tongue; and the easy and graceful flow of the metre stamped Moore at once as a writer who merited a prominent position in literature.

Moore, however, does not seem at this period of his life, to have looked to literature as a mode of subsistence; for we find that he sought and obtained a public appointment through the influence of his friend, Lord Moira. The post was little suited to Moore's disposition, the duties being of a monotonous character. He left England to enter on his official career as Admiralty registrar in Bermuda, in September, 1803. For a time his innate love of the picturesque and the beautiful in nature counteracted the absence of society, and of society Moore was both a worshipper and an idol; but the gay and versatile mind of the "poet of all circles," began soon to yearn for active communion with his fellow men. He therefore left Bermuda, but not before he had given "form and substance" to his impressions of the beautiful scenery of the "Somers Isles." His poetical delineations of Bermuda are said, even by the most critical travellers, to be strictly accurate in detail, though apparently so fanciful in thought and imagery. Moore on leaving Bermuda visited America. He did not like American society, and he observes that this dislike probably arose from the conversation of several officers of the British navy, into whose company he was by the force of circumstances much thrown at this period. In after years, however, Moore expressed his regret that anything should have fallen from his pen cal-

culated to wound American feeling, and expressed the hope that any severe remark of his had been "forgotten, or if not forgotten, remembered only to be forgiven." It was during his voyage at this time down the St. Lawrence, that Moore wrote his beautiful lines known as the "Canadian Boat Song."

Some time after Moore returned to Europe, he published three satirical poems, but they were not in the vein which accorded with his gay temperament; they were too stately for his airy and buoyant muse, and did not make much impression on the public mind.

The "Irish Melodies" gave to Moore his greatest inspiration, and won for him his proudest laurels. For nearly thirty years Moore's exquisite songs, portraying Irish wrongs, and pointing out Irish hopes, fell upon the national ear like a spell evoking the loftiest national feelings. No work ever met with more rapid success, or achieved more extensive triumphs; and Moore himself said (though the author of "Lalla Rookh" was too modest in the statement), that of all his works the Melodies alone would live. The applicability of much of Moore's poetry to the agitation for Catholic freedom, which filled so large a space in the history of the first quarter of the present century, gave an additional charm to his lines. How often did not Shiel almost electrify an audience by an apt quotation (splendidly delivered) from Moore; and who that has heard O'Connell's matchless enunciation of some of the most glorious lines of the Irish bard, can ever forget the magical effect with which they fell upon the ear?

Moore's songs were not all confined to national themes. He wrote many very beautiful lyrics, general in their tendency, which are familiar to every social circle. Several sacred songs, possessing the most exquisite poetical beauty, and a high devotional feeling, also emanated from his prolific muse. "Sound the Loud Timbrel" is, perhaps, as fine a hymn of thanksgiving as ever was composed.

"Lalla Rookh," published in 1817, has been, by common consent, set down as one of the most beautiful poems in the English language. The accuracy of its details proves that it cost the author lengthened study. It is said that Moore spent three years in the perusal of the various works which describe Oriental scenery and manners, and that he thus acquired that knowledge of Eastern localities and habits which makes "Lalla Rookh" seem rather a translation from a Persian poem than the original production of a poet living in the comparatively chill atmosphere of the British islands.

It was in 1812 that Moore first formed the idea of writing an Eastern poem. It was some time, however, before he completed his arrangements, but at last he succeeded in entering into a contract with Longman & Co., which bound them to give him three thousand guineas for his intended poem. Moore says that he had great difficulty at first in striking on the proper key; and that, notwithstanding his minute knowledge of the East, he could not make way with the work as a *poem* till he had in imagination transferred his mind to the struggle for religious freedom progressing

in Ireland; and that it was under the inspiration of a mixed sentiment of nationality and religion he composed the "Tale of the Fire-Worshippers," in which the poet paints with such force the struggles which the Ghebers maintained for religious freedom. "The same spirit," he says, "which spoke in the melodies of Ireland found a home in the East."

Moore visited Italy in 1819 in company with Lord John Russell. It was during this tour that Moore wrote his "Rhymes on the Road"—a work which contains many passages of deep thought and great poetical power.

The difficulties in which the misconduct of Moore's deputy at Bermuda involved him caused him to be absent from England for some years. He passed most of his time in the neighborhood of Paris, endeavoring to compose some work whereby to extricate himself from debt. It was in the same spirit of noble-minded independence that Sir Walter Scott sat down to pay off his large liabilities by the produce of intellectual toil. At this time Moore commenced his "Life of Sheridan;" but when he found that his absence from London prevented him from enjoying the advantage of the society of those from whose conversation he could glean the most interesting particulars of the private life of that statesman, he resolved to postpone the execution of his task. He next turned his thoughts to an Egyptian tale in verse, but he threw this work aside, as he did not get on with it to his satisfaction. The portion which he wrote appeared afterwards under the name of "Alciphron."

He, however, produced a work ("The Epicurean") on the same subject, at a later date. Moore wrote several of his "Melodies" during this period of exile, as well as "The Loves of the Angels," and the "Fables of the Holy Alliance."

In 1822 Moore returned to England and paid his debt to the dollar out of the produce of his works. He received \$5000 for the "Loves of the Angels," a poem of much beauty, founded on the Rabbinical fiction that some angels, struck with the beauty of the daughters of earth, descended to the material world, and abandoned forever their "home in the skies."

Moore produced his first prose work of length in 1824. Under the title of "Captain Rock," Moore portrays, with a powerful pen, the strong passions which lengthened misgovernment had awakened amongst the Irish people. This work stamped Moore first as an eminent prose writer; for, though he had written some able papers in the *Edinburgh Review*, and had published some excellent introductions to the different parts of the "Melodies," yet it was only as a poet that he had as yet acquired fame. In "Captain Rock" Moore combines humor and pathos, bringing into play the varied powers of his versatile mind.

In the following year the "Life of Sheridan" added another laurel to the wreath which clustered round the brow of Moore. This work was pronounced by the *Edinburgh Review* to be the *best* historical notice of the startling events of the period during which Sheridan lived. It contains many statesman-like and philosophical views con-

veyed in polished diction, and proves that Moore was capable of entertaining the most correct notions on points of constitutional learning.

In 1825 Moore paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, and remained with the author of "Waverley" for several days. He has preserved in his diary a memorial of these moments of intellectual intercourse with the master-mind of the age. After his return to London, he resumed his literary labors with activity. In 1827 he published "The Epicurean," which exquisite work, though written in prose, has always taken its place amongst Moore's poetical productions. The story is religious, and carries the mind back to those early times when Christianity was dawning on the world, and when the professors of sublime truths were subjected to the cruelties of pagan persecution. No more successful book ever came from the press. Its beauties were at once appreciated, and the work rapidly ran through several editions.

Moore's *Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald* is a fine piece of biography, containing a vivid portraiture of the startling scenes of 1798. The career of Lord Edward is sketched in a graphic style, and the events amongst which he was so fatally prominent are placed clearly and prominently before the reader.

The "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion" first appeared in 1832, and the work was hailed, on its publication, as a most masterly production. Some surprise was blended with this admiration. No one doubted Moore's

powers as a poet. His vivid fancy had led imagination captive into the gorgeous scenery of the East, and had conjured up pictures of which the "mind's eye" could never tire. As the biographer of Sheridan and Fitzgerald he had proved that his acquaintance with history was extensive and accurate. His "Captain Rock" had shown how well his able and eloquent pen could blend humor with pathos; with what a depth of feeling he could paint the sorrows of Ireland, and with what a caustic wit he could delineate the less sombre portions of her annals. His "Melodies" had carried the minstrelsy of his country to the ends of the earth, and had awakened warm feelings wherever there throbbed an Irish heart; but it was reserved for "The Travels of an Irish Gentleman" to bring forward Moore as a controversial writer. He now came before the public as the bold defender of his country's creed, as he had hitherto been the minstrel of her historic sorrows and her national hopes; and in discharging this task he displayed an acquaintance with ecclesiastical writers which delighted the friends, while it astonished and confounded the enemies of our creed, with an amount of learning not to be expected from one who had dwelt so long on the sunny slopes of Parnassus. Moore enters into an examination of the great questions between the Church and her enemies with a powerful pen. He has with perfect fairness collected all that could be put forward on the Protestant side of the controversy; he sketches with a master hand the dangerous tendency of the rationalism so prevalent in

Germany; and no work contains, in a clearer light, the evidence of the necessity of some guide in the examination of Scripture.

The plan of the work is calculated to recommend it to the perusal of many who would turn from other volumes of controversy; for though there be not the slightest indication on the part of the author to treat the subject in a tone unbefitting its solemnity, there is at the same time abundant evidence that the book emanates from the mind of one who thinks it no injury to argument to interweave with it a few flowers of fancy. Those who remember the state of Irish society at the period which Moore chooses for the commencement of the volume will not fail to recognize the truthfulness of the picture. The Catholics had been led by O'Connell through a long and angry struggle to religious freedom, and Moore fixes upon this period as an appropriate moment for an "Irish Gentleman," who would scorn to change his creed for worldly advancement, calmly sitting down to seek, in the leading controversial authorities, for some reason based on truth for becoming a Protestant. He finds not one, although he searches through the writings of all the earliest Christian Fathers. He discovers the doctrines of the Catholic Church of 1829 identical with the creed of those who actually conversed with the Lord. The volume contains an interesting account of the various sects of the early ages. The "Gentleman" next examines Protestantism as developed in Germany and England, tracing it through its varied changes; and at last resolves to remain in the creed of his fath-

ers, and to adhere to the "one and only true Church, which alone is the way of life, and in whose tabernacle alone there is shelter from confusion."

Moore's "History of Ireland" is a pleasing and graceful sketch of the annals of that country down to the battle of Benburb; but the history of Ireland has not yet been written.

Our limits are nearly exceeded, and we have not space to glance at the brilliant and witty productions with which the exhaustless pen of Moore for more than forty years enriched our satirical literature.

Moore passed through life in affable and social intercourse with the world. He declined entering Parliament, and thus avoided the cares of active public duty. In the company of an amiable wife, Moore's career was marked with the blessing of domestic happiness, chequered, however, by the loss of many members of his family.

Thomas Moore died on the 26th of February, 1852, in the seventy-second year of his age, in his cottage-home at Sloperston, near Devizes, leaving a name which will be forever linked with the minstrelsy of his native land.

THE DEATH OF JUDAS.

The following lines, translated from the Italian, appeared in some paper many years ago. There is something awfully Dantesque in the terrible idea of Satan smoothing his wrinkled front, and clasping in his arms the hideous wretch whose flesh was burning and bones hissing, and with his black and bloody mouth giving back the kiss that he had given to Christ! For most readers it will have all the novelty of a new poem.

F. G. D.

THAT hour when Judas, filled with madness, hung
Upon the tree, his guardian demon came
With rapid flight, confronted him and flapped
And twitched his red and smoking wings;
And by the rope that hung about his neck
He swung him down into the boiling ditch!

Scarce had the demon snatched him with his claws
Before his flesh burned, and his vile bones hissed,
And having reached the fiery whirlwind—lo!
Horrible Satan smoothed his wrinkled front:
Him in his arms he clasped, the traitor wretch,
And, with his black and bloody mouth, gave back
To him the kiss that he had given to Christ.

ROME AND HER ASSAILANTS.

THERE are just now so many speculations as to the Pope's future abode, that it may not be out of place to say a word about Rome and her assailants generally, who have originated those speculations. What is most unaccountable in that sacrilegious usurpation is the manner in which it has been countenanced by other countries. England became indignant when the Czar determined to break through the stipulations of a treaty; but she regarded it as a matter of course that Victor Emmanuel should enter as a burglar into the house of his unoffending neighbor, and set at nought the provisions of a treaty by which he was solemnly bound. Almost all nations looked on calmly while the Vicar of Christ was being outraged and robbed of that temporal sovereignty, which he exercised only for the freedom of the Church, and the protection and benefit of his people. Yes, Europe connived at and applauded this villanous act, and lent its moral force to the invader, while he—even after gaining possession of his coveted prize—was tearing from the front of the Jesuit College the symbol of man's redemption and hope. It was not to be wondered at that the King of Sardinia should have seized the magnificent palace of the Quirinal; but who ever thought that his hatred of religion would have carried him so far as to expel the good Sisters of Charity from their cloisters, or that he would have inaugurated what was called "trial by jury" in Rome, in the

person of a public malefactress, by introducing her and the mock ceremony into the oratory of that illustrious servant of God, Saint Philip Neri, to make those sacred precincts, where nought was heard until these days of liberty but words of adoration and prayer, resound with the revolting, the unutterable episodes of a disreputable life. Well, indeed, might such acts appal us, and inspire us with apprehension for the future, were we to form our hopes from the spectacle before us, when all the enemies of the Church seem uniting against her with the same deadly hate, when God is banished from the legislation of every state, and impiety usurps the place of religion.

Why, may we ask, has this power, which for nearly two thousand years has seen the rise and fall of all human institutions, been always the object of the world's attack? Men of the Huxley school have the answer ready: "It is opposed to the advancement of the human mind, and an enemy to progress." Facts do not verify their assertions; what has their ideal liberty brought us? A "liberty" that outrages and profanes everything holy, suppresses everything truthful and moral, desecrates the temple, tramples on the Cross, and severs the very ties without which society cannot exist. They are of course ready to forget all that the Church has done for them in the past. After having formed their literary fame on the documents which the Church has preserved from oblivion, they turn

round and accuse her of fettering their intellect, when it is plain that if it had not been for the labors of the cloister and the zeal of the Church in preserving the treasures of antiquity, comparatively nothing would remain from which history could be written—little would exist that is valuable in literature.

But the phrase "Italian unity," that has enlisted sympathy on every side; and what are its first fruits? Why simply that Rome was no sooner in the possession of the despoiler than the Catholic journals that dared to speak openly, and protest against the sacrilege, were suppressed, and those that were immoral and blasphemous received a license which they did not know before. Add to this the various elements that have gathered to Rome in the cause of "liberty," and which at any moment may reenact the drama already played out in Paris. The lovers of religion and Christian art have reason to shudder at the prospect, for no populace was ever filled with such an intense hate of religion as that which has made a prisoner of the Pope in the Eternal City. Italian unity, indeed! If they want Rome for their "unity," do they need its cloisters also? Is the Cross, the only arm with which Rome has subdued the world, and extended her sway to the remotest ends of the earth, an impediment in their way, and an object for their insult? Was not Rome large enough for their inauguration of "trial by jury," without usurping the house of God? No; they seek not unity, they war against religion and truth; they are not prompted by patriotism, they desire the over-

throw of that Church which, while all other powers rise and fall, alone remains invincible. They exult over their "victory," and already we have prophecies of the annihilation of the Papacy. Vain hopes! They may fetter the action of the Church, it is true, and for a time seem to prevail against her, but that Church remains "free even in her chains," and "invincible in the midst of her tortures." Rome and its religion have had many prophets of their downfall, but those prophets, whose only merit is their hatred of religion, quickly pass away after having written their names upon water, yet Rome still remains the centre of the kingdom of Jesus Christ, and its religion imperishable and immortal. Pascal says: "*Il y a plaisir d'être dans un vaisseau battu de l'orage, lorsqu'on est assuré qu'il ne périra point,*" and such would be the feeling of Catholics now if they had regard to the Church only, for if they are afflicted, it is not from any apprehension for the final triumph of this Church, but because the Vicar of Christ, who is endeared to them by every tie, and who possesses all their gratitude and veneration, is persecuted and a prisoner in the Vatican. We revere Pius IX because his glorious reign has been an unceasing combat against error and revolution; a crusade against the two greatest scourges of mankind,—atheism and immorality. Society, too, when it shall have executed a cruel vengeance upon itself, will recognize him as its greatest friend. Governments will also find their godless legislation turned against themselves, and the arms forged against Popery employed in their

own destruction. It is vain for them to rejoice at the appearance of a Dollinger; they may support his cause, but they cannot give him the principle which has been, and which will ever continue to be, the vitality of the Church of Rome—that prin-

ciple is Truth. It may be obscured for a time, but it cannot perish, since Jesus Christ has promised to associate Himself with the Church which teaches it even to the consummation of the world.

EDITH MONTRESSOR; OR, NEVER GIVE UP!

"I AM going back to my aunt tomorrow, Miss St. Ange: what shall I do when she hears I am a Catholic?" The speaker was a young girl of fifteen, but whose slight form and small features made her appear much younger. Her eyes were large and beautiful, and her long, childish hair fell like a veil over the shoulder of her companion on whom she was leaning.

"Pray to God," was the earnest reply.

The girl slid her head from its resting-place, and buried her face in her friend's lap.

"It will be so painful," she said, doubtfully. Miss St. Ange laid her hand on the drooping little figure, and gently stroked her long, dark curls. She looked so utterly helpless and childish, that it seemed like mockery to talk to her of strength or courage.

"Edith!"

She looked up, for there was something solemn in Miss St. Ange's tone.

"Do you remember what our Lord said, Edith?—'He who will not take up his cross and follow me is not worthy the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"I will try and do so, if He helps me."

"And He will, my dearest, dearest Edith; be assured of that. Trust Him, and never give up."

Give up! Miss St. Ange was astonished herself at the effect those simple words had on her young companion.

"Give up!" she echoed, as her eyes flashed, and her tiny figure rose to its full height. "Never! I will die sooner!"

Alas! poor Edith. The next moment the cheek paled again, and with pitiable weakness she sunk down, sobbing. "It will be so very, very painful."

Edith Montessor was the only child of a Catholic gentleman of position and a Protestant lady. Mr. Montessor had married much against the wishes of his family, and, being entirely dependent on a proud and unyielding father, he was compelled to remove with his young bride to the continent. Their union, as might have been expected, did not prove a happy one, and, soon after the birth of a daughter, Mrs. Montessor separated from her husband and returned, taking her infant with her. When Edith was

about seven years old, her mother died. Before her death, Mrs. Montessor intrusted her little girl to the care of her sister, with strict injunctions that she was to be brought up in the Protestant belief. Edith lived very happily at the grange, for her aunt and uncle, who had no children, were pleased to have an object on which to lavish their affection. She needed attention and tender nurture, for she was constitutionally extremely delicate, and, when about fifteen, Edith was seized with a sharp, racking cough, which told fearfully on her health. The doctors whom her aunt consulted recommended a milder air, and as Edith had relations living at some distance who had often invited her to visit them, Mrs. Eldon lost no time in writing in her niece's behalf to accept the invitation. One great thing stood in the way: they were Catholics; but Mrs. Eldon fondly imagined that Edith had been too deeply imbued with Protestantism to run any chance of changing her principles. So to Mrs. St. Ange's Edith went; and here she read her first Catholic book, attended her first Mass, and became in heart and soul a member of the true Church. Poor Edith! The knowledge of her helpless condition and her relations' hatred of Catholicism might well give rise to the question, "What shall I do when my aunt hears I am a Catholic?"

"I will never give up," she repeated over and over again during her journey homewards; and the words sunk deeply into her heart.

Mr. and Mrs. Eldon received Edith very kindly, and fondly remarked the improvement in her appearance. She had intended to

confess all that night, but, now the time had come, it seemed so difficult, and she put it off. The next morning, and several days after, Edith was so taken up by the many parties and excursions which had been arranged for her, that she found it impossible to make the long-postponed confession. She knew she was acting a most cowardly part, and she despised herself for it; she had imagined she could be so brave, so devoted, until she was tried—and now, what was she?

About a week after her return Edith was busily engaged with her drawing, when her aunt said to her—

"Finish that picture as soon as possible, Edith, for I want you to go with me this evening to Mr. B——'s lecture against the errors of the Church of Rome."

Now, then, the moment had come which she had so long and foolishly delayed. Edith turned very pale, and clasped her hands together as if for strength.

"I cannot go," she said, in a low hoarse tone; "I am a Catholic."

If a thunderbolt had suddenly fallen at Mrs. Eldon's feet, it could not have startled her more completely than those few words. Astonishment and indignation deprived her for the time of utterance, but her eye flashed with mingled contempt and hatred on the poor girl, who seemed literally to quiver beneath her glance. At length a torrent of words came to her relief, and with almost frantic violence she denounced her niece's awful apostasy, her disobedience and deceit; adding, with a kind of hysterical shriek—

"Little did I expect this from you, Edith Montessor; I trusted you, and you have repaid my affection with the blackest ingratitude."

Edith rushed forward, and threw herself on her knees before her aunt.

"Oh! do not say that—anything but that—do not call me ungrateful. I will obey you in everything—but this—I *cannot give up my Faith.*"

The tone of anguish in which the poor girl spoke, might have moved any heart. But Mrs. Eldon only heard the last part of the sentence, and it filled her with rage and bitterness. She almost spurned the fragile form that lay at her feet, and snatching her dress from Edith's convulsive grasp, said—

"Remain here, child, till I send for you; I am going to speak to your uncle."

The door closed; and Edith was left alone with some struggling thoughts. "Oh! what would become of her?—her aunt would never, *never* forgive, but she would trust in God—she would never *give up.*"

Help her! oh ministering angels! help her, and bring her, refined by the fire of affliction, a spirit meet to stand before the All-Great!

Edith had fallen into a reverie so deep and profound, that the servant twice repeated her aunt's message before she was aware that anybody was in the room. She rose quickly, and hurried with trembling limbs to the study. Her uncle looked at her, as she entered, with a searching glance, and Edith noticed, with sickening despondency, the cold, fixed expression of his face.

"Edith Montessor, recant this moment what you said up stairs."

There was a dead silence. The room seemed to turn round with poor Edith. She answered in a low convulsive tone, "I cannot."

"Dare you disobey me?"

"I must obey God."

"Child, your blasphemous words aggravate your guilt, if it be possible. Wretched apostate! kneel down instantly on your knees, and ask pardon of that God whom you have so deeply offended."

But Edith did not move. Her sight was becoming dim and her head giddy, but she stood firm and erect.

"Edith, I give you one more chance; go with your aunt to the lecture to-night; and as I believe you have only been deluded and not perverted, I trust you may return again to the religion in which you were baptized."

As soon would the storm-beaten mariner who had seen the bright lights from the shore plunge once more among the wild dark waves, as one who had known the holy and glorious Church go back to error. There was a long pause, broken only by Edith's convulsive sobs.

"Will you do this, or not?"

"I cannot—I *cannot.*"

The spirit of one of the ancient martyrs burned in that girlish form. They felt it to be so, and it inflamed their hatred of their helpless victim.

"Go to your room, Edith," he said, in a voice hoarse with passion, "and never dare to leave it till you receive permission to do so."

Edith was glad to obey the impetuous command, for she felt suffocating. She ran up stairs, and throwing herself on her knees sobbed wildly and hysterically, with-

out the relief of tears. Then she rose, and began pacing up and down the apartment. Everything around and about her was the same, but, oh! what a change had fallen over her heart. Her eye fell on the numerous little articles which ornamented her room—all of them her relations' gifts; and lying on the table was a parcel newly directed in her aunt's handwriting. She opened it, and found it contained a beautiful riding-whip, presented to her in anticipation of an excursion she was to have joined the next morning to some ruins in the neighborhood. Poor Edith! there was some excuse for the doubting thought that rose in her mind—"Would it not be better to give up?"

Till this time her excitement had kept her warm, but now she felt cold and chilled. She wrapped herself up in her cloak, and closed her eyes to shut out from her view the long fantastic shadows which the twilight reflected into the room. At length, totally unable to subdue her terror, she flew to the door with the intention of asking some one to give her a candle, *but it was fastened*, and with a wild cry of anguish she threw herself on the bed, and tried to go to sleep. But it was no use, her head ached fearfully, and she started up again. "Oh! if I could only have a light!" she cried. "This darkness is terrible."

The poor child shrunk back and shuddered at the strange shadows, which, to her excited imagination, seemed to glide around her bedside. They had gained some shape now; and oh! it could not be fancy, *one of them was her mother!* Her white countenance was stern and

menacing, and she stretched out her hands as if in execration. Edith rushed to the door, only to find it locked. Overcome by terror the poor girl fell heavily to the ground in a swoon. When she recovered, the figure, whatever it might have been, had disappeared. Her head, too, was relieved; she could not tell why at first, till she felt that her hands were wet with blood, which flowed in a stream from her mouth. Soon after she fell asleep. In dreams bright forms bent over her, and gentle voices, such as she might never hope to hear again on earth, sounded in her ears. Edith woke. "She might have slept longer had it not been for cold and hunger. She rose with some difficulty from her chair, for her limbs were cramped from her uneasy posture, and a sharp pain struck through her breast. She bathed her forehead, and washed the blood from her lips and hands. Then she knelt down and prayed long and earnestly to that God who would never forsake her—to that Mother who had borne all earthly sorrows, who now, placed by the side of her Beloved Son, loves and pities her children. Edith felt more trustful and happy after this, and with a lighter heart she took out her little desk and commenced writing a letter. It was to her father. Briefly she recounted all—her conversion, her relations' anger and cruel persecution; and implored him, if he had any love for his child, to come and take her away. This note she directed to Avaranche, and waited with intense anxiety for the appearance of the servant in the morning, to whom she resolved to confide it. Poor child! even that

trifling exertion fearfully increased her headache. She pressed both her hands together over her forehead, and paced up and down the room with rapid, uneven strides. At length strength, and almost consciousness, failed her, and she sank down nearly insensible. How long she continued in this state she could scarcely tell, but the first thing that roused her was the entrance of the maid with her breakfast. She sprang to her feet. The servant, a good-natured girl, was horrified at Edith's ghastly appearance.

"Good heavens! Miss Montessor," she exclaimed, "you are looking so strange and white; sure you must be ill."

"Yes, Julia, I believe so; my head aches badly."

The girl looked in despair at the piece of dry bread and cup of cold water on the tray.

"It's a shame to bring you such a breakfast, Miss Edith," she said; "but your aunt ordered—"

"I know," replied Edith mournfully; "never mind, Julia, I could not have eaten anything this morning; but I want you to do a kind action for me—this letter. Will you take it to the post?"

"Oh, Miss Edith, your aunt."

"Julia, do you love your father?"

"Yes, sure, miss."

"This is to mine. Will you refuse to take it?"

"Oh, no, miss," cried Julia, bursting into tears, in spite of herself, at Edith's distress; "it shall be put in directly, and God bless you, Miss Montessor."

"Thank you. Good bye."

The blessing fell from the lips of a rough, uneducated girl, but it

struck warmly, nevertheless, to Edith Montessor's heart. She drank the water, for excessive fever had made her thirsty, and tried to eat the bread, but it seemed to choke her, and she gave up the attempt in despair. She endeavored to drive away her thoughts by reading, but the confusion of her mind made it impossible for her to connect two ideas together. Oh! how dimly the hours rolled on, bodily pain increasing their tediousness. It appeared as if days had passed; but that dreadful clock had only gone three times. She could not help thinking of the future—and how dark it seemed! One horrible thought crossed her mind, which she dismissed as too dreadful to be borne. Edith had heard some time before of a lady, Miss Cleverstone by name, who undertook the charge of unruly and disobedient children, who required severer discipline than they could meet with at home. In spite of the taking words "kindness" and "love," which she insinuated into her letters and advertisements, she was known to use the most tyrannical and brutal treatment to her helpless victims, and Edith shuddered even at the present time, as she recollected the sad story she had been told of one poor girl who had been placed under Miss Cleverstone's "judicious" and "loving" care, and who, driven mad by her brutality, was now an inmate of a lunatic asylum. Surely, surely, her relations would not consign her to such a doom as that! Even the idea made her cheeks livid, and it was with joy almost past description that she saw her maid come into the room. Edith was afraid to ask the question that

trembled on her lips; but Julia relieved her immediately by saying:

"I took your letter all right, Miss Montessor, and no one saw it."

"Thank you;" and Edith's voice sounded very thankful indeed.

"Are you better now, Miss Edith?"

"Rather. Where is my aunt?"

"Down stairs, I think; but I mayn't stay any longer, miss."

If Edith had not been so unhappy, she must have smiled at the tyranny those words implied. As it was, she only said:

"Then I won't detain you, Julia. Good night, for I suppose I shan't see you again."

"Good night, miss," and away she hurried, just as Mrs. Eldon rang her bell.

Some days passed on; and the old stoop which disfigured Edith's feeble form was becoming confirmed, and the black lines under her mouth and eyes stamped with indelible plainness. Still she never thought of giving up. Sometimes a flush of hope brightened her cheek, and flashed her eye; but it soon faded as she recollected that perhaps her father had long ago left Avaranche, and if so her letter could not reach him till it was too late. It was now ten days since she had been imprisoned, though to Edith it appeared months. During that time she had never seen her uncle or aunt, or any human being except the maid Julia, who brought her her meals of bread and water.

On this particular morning, Edith felt more than usually feeble and ill. She had risen with difficulty, and had been obliged almost immediately to lie down again on her

bed. She threw open her window, and leaned her head against the sill to still its throbbing. In this posture she fell asleep. Soon after a violent storm of rain came on, which beat in on the sleeper, drenching her garments through and through. She woke with a fearful shiver, and tried to raise her hand and ring the bell, but something heavy weighed it down. All grew dark.

When Edith became conscious, the first thing she saw was Julia bending over her, and bathing her temples with some restorative.

"What has happened?" she inquired, feebly.

"Oh! I am so glad to hear you speak again, Miss Edith," cried the girl, "you have been ill with a fever!"

"How long?"

"Four days."

Edith raised herself, and tried to collect her thoughts. She remembered all soon enough, poor child; and a dark bitter wish rose in her heart, that she had never recovered from her stupor, and that her sleep had been the sleep of death. But in a few days, in spite of herself, she recovered from her fever, and was considered sufficiently well for the old treatment to be resumed. Edith was beginning to wonder if she was to be detained as a prisoner for life, when one morning Julia came to her with a message from her aunt, desiring her to proceed immediately to the study. Edith obeyed directly; but her illness had rendered her so weak that it was with the utmost difficulty that she made her way down stairs. When Edith entered the room, she found her aunt and uncle sitting at

a table on which some books were spread, in earnest conversation with a Protestant clergyman. They all looked up as she opened the door; and Mrs. Eldon, callous though she tried to appear, was struck with remorse when she noticed poor Edith's looks. Her slight form was bent and wasted almost to a shadow, and her large dark eyes had a fearful and unnatural brilliancy contrasted with her livid cheeks. Neither her aunt nor uncle spoke, but the latter beckoned her with his hand to advance, and addressed her by her name—"Miss Montessor."

Edith raised her eyes, but shivered at the stern, cold glance that met hers.

"Your relations have determined to give you one more chance before they decide on your fate. Recant, and all shall be forgiven."

He paused, as if expecting Edith to reply; and finding she did not do so, he added:

"Kneel down, while I pray to God in your behalf."

He motioned her to kneel, and she did so mechanically, for his words fell unheeded on her ears. She heard a voice above his saying, "I have called thee by thy name: I have bought thee with a price: thou art mine." After the prayer was concluded, the awful conclave rose from their knees, and pronounced judgment on their defenceless victim.

"Edith Montessor, what is your decision?"

There was a dead silence for a moment. Edith seemed scarcely able to articulate. Nothing but the deep stillness that reigned would

have rendered her reply intelligible:

"I dare not desert God. I cannot give up Catholicism. I can die!"

"This is your final answer?"

"Yes."

The tone was firm now, almost triumphant.

"Then hear me. No longer shall you remain under my roof; this very day you shall proceed to Y——, to be placed under the charge of Miss Cleverstone."

Edith fell down on her knees, and held out her hands in voiceless supplication: "Mercy! mercy! Oh, do not send me to that woman, she will murder me! Look here, aunt," and she raised her thin arms, "I am ill, very ill, and feeble; I shall not live long to disobey you: let me die here."

What effect the poor girl's heart-rending appeal might have had on her auditors, it is impossible to say, if the clergyman had not interfered.

"Rise from your knees, Miss Montessor," he said, sternly, "do not assume a position of false humility, when your heart is full of obstinacy and disobedience. Kneel rather to your offended Maker, and pray Him to avert the judgments which your apostasy has justly brought upon you."

He was interrupted in the midst of his anathema by the noise of a carriage stopping at the gates. A crimson flush mounted to Edith's temples as a heavy step was heard approaching, and the next instant a gentleman entered the room.

Edith uttered a wild cry, and sprang forward.

"My daughter! my darling

Edith!" he exclaimed; and Mr. Montessor clasped the half-dead form of his child in his arms, and pressed her to his heart.

* * * * *

It was a lovely evening in July, and the glorious beams of the setting sun reflected their beauty on all around, bathing with rosy light the hills and rocky shore of a pretty seaside village in S——. A very lovely girl and her father were seated on the rocks, watching the gentle rippling of the calm sea which flowed underneath. She had just finished the Vesper Hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and even now the echo of the last "Ave Maria" was lengthened out by the hills, as if they loved to prolong the sweet sound.

In this blooming and radiant creature we can scarcely recognize the pale, wan face of Edith Montessor. Her figure, formerly so thin and bent, is now erect and rounded to the very perfection of feminine beauty; her cheeks, glowing with the color of a summer rose; and her large eyes, always so beautiful, now brightened to almost the light of angels. They have been sitting silent for some time, for the stillness and beauty of the scene had a softening though not a saddening influence. At last Edith raised her eyes, and fixed them, with that bright, saint-like look which only "the pure in heart" can know, on her father.

"I was thinking, father," she said, "how happy I am, and how God has blessed me! Surely we

ought to trust in Him and never give up. I trusted very imperfectly, and yet God helped me. How true it is what Mr. St. Vincent said to-day, 'Only trust in the Lord, and He will deliver you out of all trouble.'"

Our story is finished; but before bidding you farewell, we would fain repeat with solemn earnestness Edith Montessor's precepts, "Trust in God," and "Do not give up." Perhaps this may fall into the hands of some who are yet wavering and uncertain of the Faith. Do not give up your search for the pearl of great price. Remember you have not much time before you; life is fleeting, and in a few short years you must be laid under the cold grass. Consider this, we pray you. Many have gone on well a little way, and then have fallen back. Beware what you are doing. Think! Be warned, and return!

Perhaps, my reader, you have met with unforeseen and apparently overwhelming difficulties. Those you most loved and cherished have looked coldly and strangely upon you. You are an alien even in your father's house. Still, "do not give up." You are called to a Church spotless and beautiful; "the Bride of the Lamb of God:" a Church overshadowed by archangels and martyrs; one which alone is catholic, apostolic, and united, and whose glory and majesty will soon, let us hope, fill the earth.

THE WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

TAKING a distinguished botanist for our guide, we will make a hasty survey of the world of plants, and note a few of the wonders to be found there.

Since the microscope has revealed the intimate structure of flower and leaf, of root and stem, which without it was as impenetrably veiled from our eyes as a remote star in the Milky-way without the telescope; and chemistry, analyzing, weighing, measuring, has lent its aid to investigate the substance out of which these are formed, botany has taken a stride upwards in the scale of the sciences—has become, in fact, physiological instead of merely systematic.

Mediately or immediately, man is wholly dependent on vegetable products; his mutton and beef are made of the sweet grass, the turnip, the mangel. His bread, his sugar, all his drinks, the plant furnishes him with. Out of what does it make so bountiful a provision? Out of earth, air, and water; but chiefly out of air.

Our atmosphere is composed of about four-fifths of nitrogen, one-fifth of oxygen, $\frac{1}{20000}$ of carbonic acid, and a small but at present unknown proportion of ammonia. Besides this, it takes up variable quantities of foreign matter; watery vapors, large additions to its stock of carbonic acid, and ammonia, emitted by soils redolent with decaying organic substances, &c. When we say that the plant derives its chief nourishment from the air, it is natural to conclude that the

process is a direct one; that those parts, leaf, stem, flowers, which come in contact with the air, are furnished with the means of appropriating the supplies deposited there. But this is by no means the case; all, or at least 99 per cent. of all the plant assimilates reaches it through the roots; evaporation and excretion are carried on by means of leaf and stem, but through the root alone it is fed. The soil absorbs the gases and vapors of the air, and conveys them to the roots of the plant; and one of the main differences between a productive and a barren soil, is the degree in which it possesses this absorbent and assimilative nature. Humus, which is decayed organic matter, or, as we commonly call it, manure, possesses it in the highest degree of all; it incessantly imbibes the watery vapors and ammonia out of the atmosphere. Clay comes next. Science says, therefore, a soil liberally supplied with these two substances ought to be especially fertile. Practical experience says it is so.

Very curious and difficult calculations have been made to ascertain what portion of all the water supplied to the soil by atmospheric precipitation—rain, snow, hail, and dew—is left to vegetation, after the streams, springs, and rivers have taken their share. The result of these experiments and calculations is to prove that at least one-third is carried by the great rivers to the sea, and the residue is further diminished by the evaporation from

the ground heat causes. Another series of careful experiments has been instituted to discover what quantity of water a plant consumes. A sunflower absorbs twenty-two ounces of water daily; an acre of them, therefore, allowing each plant four square feet of ground, would require 1,826,706 pounds in the four summer months; an acre of cabbages, more than 5,000,000; and of hops, 7,000,000 pounds. The average amount of rain that falls on an acre in summer does not much exceed 2,000,000 pounds, and of this vegetation does not get perhaps a quarter. Now, we see why the capacity of a soil for absorbing watery vapor is one of its most important characteristics.

Does it occur to the reader as an anomalous thing that bog-soil, which abounds both in humus and in water, produces only the most useless formless plants: sedges, rushes, rank grasses, to which the farmer gives the opprobrious name of sour pasture? The explanation of this phenomenon compels us to take account of what earth, as well as air and water, yields for vegetable sustenance. When fire consumes a thing, its organic constituents return into the atmosphere, whence they were originally drawn. The residue, the ashes, are the inorganic constituents—that which mother earth has supplied. Combustion dissolves their union, and enables the chemist to analyze. The ashes of plants consist of lime, phosphorus, magnesia, silex, alkaline salts, in varying proportions. These are conveyed into the little cells of the living plant in the water it takes up. Deposited in the cell-walls, they cause endless modifi-

cations of hardness, brittleness, tenuity, &c. "The slender stalk of the wheat could not lift itself to ripen its grain in the sun's rays unless the soil furnished it with silex, through which its cells acquire that solidity necessary to enable it to maintain an erect position."

There is a little plant with which every school-boy is familiar, the spurge or wolf's-milk, in the efficacy of whose milky juice to cure warts he has great faith. This juice, or milk-sap, as it is called, occurs in many different families of plants, increasing in number as we approach the tropics. Its properties vary from the most useful and nutritious down to the deadliest poison. All the plants possessing it are distinguished by a peculiar anatomical structure. In the bark and in the pith are long, curved, and branched tubes, not unlike the veins of animals, containing this thick juice, which is generally milk-white; but there are yellow, red, and even blue milk-saps. It consists, like animal milk, of an albuminous fluid with small globules floating in it. All milk-saps contain more or less caoutchouc, but only beneath a tropical sun do those qualities that make it so invaluable to man perfect themselves. Here, even in hot-houses, it more resembles the birdlime obtained from our mistletoes. If the sap is left to stand, the caoutchouc globules rise to the top and coalesce exactly in the same way the butter globules (or cream) do in milk. The list is a long and interesting one both of useful and of noxious milk-saps. The cow-tree furnishes the Cingalese with a sweet and pleasant drink, which he uses ex-

actly as we do milk. In Brazil there is a spurge whose milk, when flowing forth from the stem in the dark hot summer nights, emits a bright phosphoric light. The root of the yucca or mandioc plant blends in close union the most wholesome nourishment and potent poison; and the process of dissolving this union and turning each to its appropriate purpose, is a very curious one. The Indian pounds the roots to a thick pulp with a wooden club in the hollowed trunk of a tree, ties it up in a tight bundle with a stone attached to the bottom, and hangs it up so that the weight of the stone squeezes out the milk-sap. The pulp is further freed from the volatile poison contained in it by exposure to heat, then powdered between two stones. And this is the celebrated cassava meal, so important an article of diet in South America. After the Indian has poisoned his arrows with the sap thus pressed out, it is set to stand for a considerable time; and the fine white powder deposited by it is—tapioca.

Strychnine and brucine, two of the most active vegetable poisons, occur in other milk-saps; and there is a tree—the manchineel—which infects with poison the very rain-drops that pass over its leaves, to such a degree, that the luckless traveller who takes shelter beneath, speedily finds himself covered with blisters and ulcers. The natives avoid it with as superstitious an awe as if it were the fabled upas-tree of Java; and apropos of the upas-tree, that venerable tale which blends three real but separate things into one fictitious whole, it comes in our way to be explained

here, because one of the three facts jumbled up together, is the existence of a tree from the milk-sap of the roots of which the upas radia or sovereign poison is concocted. A tiny arrow dipped in this, and blown through a hollow reed, “makes the tiger tremble, stand motionless a minute, then fall as though seized with vertigo, and die in brief but violent convulsions.” In that island of beauty, fertility, and horror, grow gorgeous flowers whose dimensions are reckoned by feet instead of fractions of an inch—the Lianes, Paullinias, and Rafflesian lilies. True primeval forests open in majestic aisles, and the bare hundred-feet-long stems of the lianes coil about and stretch from tree to tree like the rigging of a ship. The antiar, with tall, smooth, slender stem, sixty or eighty feet high, crowned by a circlet of glossy leaves, pours forth from its easily wounded bark, like the manchineel, a sap that causes blisters and ulcers to him who heedlessly touches it. Apes chatter among the boughs, and pelt the traveller with fruit. The melancholy orang-outang wanders gravely about leaning on his staff. The awful mountains send out a fiery molten flood; and lower down, mud-volcanoes break out suddenly without fire or light, swallowing up in filth fertile valleys with all their men and oxen. There are streams that petrify the neighboring trees; springs white with sulphur; little cones of gypsum spouting unceasingly hot or cold water; and, above all, there is a narrow flat valley, nearly bare of vegetation, where the ground is strewn with the skeletons of all kinds of animals: the tiger and his

prey side by side, overtaken by their common foe, death; the vulture in search of carrion, turned to carrion himself; dead beetles, dead ants lying in heaps. Man only can traverse unharmed this valley of the shadow of death, because his erect posture raises him above the fatal exhalations of carbonic acid gas, which, being heavy, diffuse themselves slowly, and cause death by asphyxia to all near the surface of the soil. It is the same gas as in the celebrated Grotto del Cane at Naples, and in the vapor caverns of Pymont. And now we have the three terrible phenomena which led to the belief in a tree whose very shadow was deadly, and from its boughs the birds that settled dropped down dead. No wonder the natives, and the equally credulous, though brave and enterprising travellers of the seventeenth century, should attribute to a tree yielding so virulent a poison—the slightest particle of it introduced into the blood by a mere scratch caused instant death—the destructive action of the intangible, and, to them, quite undiscoverable carbonic acid gas emitted from the soil. No wonder they thought it a vapor issuing from the deadly poison-tree; and to complete the wonder and terror of their tale, further endowed it with the noxious milk-sap of the tall slender antiar.

But we need not travel so far from home for examples of plants yielding milk-sap of a noxious kind; our own ugly nettle is possessed of as marvellous a little apparatus for

mischievous as the serpent's tooth, and so similar to it in structure, that it might almost be called the vegetable serpent. A snake has in the front part of its jaw two long thin curved teeth, movable like the claws of a cat, and perforated lengthways by a minute canal, which terminates in an aperture at the point, and in a little gland containing poison at the root. When the animal bites, the resistance of the thing bitten pushes back the tooth, so that it presses into the gland, and squeezes out the venomous fluid, which runs along the little duct into the wound. The hairs on the leaf of the nettle are *its* teeth; each hair consists of a single cell, with a small knob at the tip, and expanded at the other end into a sac containing the irritating milk-juice. The slightest touch breaks off the brittle knob, and, as with the serpent's tooth, the pressure of the cell-canal in puncturing the hand that has rashly touched it, forces up the juice out of the sac, and discharges it into the tiny wound. The injury is but slight from our nettles; but the burning sun of the tropics, which matures the venom of the snake into a weapon of death, ripens too the poisonous sap of the nettle: the suffering from the slightest touch of one lasts many weeks, causing the arm to swell; and there is one species by which acute pain, lasting for years, is caused, and death itself often can only be avoided by amputation.

THE VOTIVE PICTURE.

A LEGEND.

IN the Dresden Gallery hangs one of the most beautiful pictures of Holbein the younger. A quarrel has arisen lately, and is still fiercely waging, as to the authenticity of this work of art, a *fac simile* having been discovered in a private gallery at Darmstadt, much like the one that hangs at Dresden in every respect, not yielding to it either in drawing or color. Indeed, some Holbein connoisseurs declare this newly-discovered treasure to be the true picture, and the other a splendid copy. Again, others deem that both pictures may have been a product of the same artist.

"When doctors differ who shall then agree?" runs the old proverb, and this is not the place to argue upon the merits of the two *chefs-d'œuvre*. The picture is remarkable for other things besides its exceeding beauty. It possesses a legend, a thing few other paintings of so comparatively recent a date can boast.

It was the year 1520, when Jacob Mayer, a stanch Catholic, was Burgomaster of Basel. It was a time when party feelings between the Catholics and Protestants began to run high, and the good man had had many a fight with his fellow townsmen, who inclined strongly to the new doctrines. Just then his youngest born, a bonnie lad of about two years old, fell dangerously sick. Day by day the anxious parents watched by the child's bedside, looking for an improvement that

never came. The child sank instead of reviving; it was on the point of death, and all human aid was powerless to aid it. The father, the mother, and the eldest sister, were all worn out with watching. They were debating who should stay by the sufferer yet another weary night. And all the time the little being lay upon his bed motionless, his eyes closed, his face deadly pale, only the faint sound of his breathing proved that he was still alive. It was decided at last that Mayer should watch, or rather, he insisted upon it, for he saw the worn looks of his womenkind, and his grief redoubled at the sight.

The night sped on, the burgomaster heard hour after hour chime forth from the cathedral spire, and yet the child stirred not, and no change took place in its condition. Sick at heart, he once more bent over the bed to examine the features of the boy. He did not know whether it was his fancy, but the boy looked still paler than before. In the anguish of his heart, the poor father threw himself on his knees beside the bed, and prayed long and earnestly for the welfare of his child.

"Oh, Blessed Virgin!" he sighed. "Mother of Sorrows, thou who knowest the sufferings of a parent's heart, oh, hear my prayer. Grant that the life of my darling little one be spared to me; but, if it be thy will, and that of thy Son, that he should be taken from us, oh! shorten

his sufferings, and ours, I pray thee, Mary, Queen of Heaven, intercede for us, for the burden grows more than we can bear."

The remainder of his prayer was lost in choking sobs; the strong man was utterly broken. Slowly he raised himself from his knees, and threw his tired frame once more into the chair where he had now sat so many nights. As he did so it appeared to him that the door of the room was opened, softly, very softly, so that the hinges did not creak, and there was no sound of steps. It opened yet wider, and, lo! the Blessed Virgin stood upon the threshold. She was clad in a long mantle that swept the ground, upon her head she wore a crown of gold, and in her arms she bore the child Christ. He looked about the same age as the little sufferer who lay upon the bed, only His cheeks were rosy and full, and His flesh was not sunken and limp.

Slowly, slowly the sweet figure glided into the room. There was a look of compassionate love on her fair face, and as she passed the spot where Mayer sat he thought she smiled a hopeful smile. She neared the couch, and gazed long and steadily on the child. Then she placed her Son upon the ground beside Mayer's knee, and raised his baby upon her arm.

Was she about to bear him from his gaze? Had his prayer been heard, and was the little one about to depart hence forever? Mayer asked himself all this, though he dared not either speak or move, but remained breathless, filled with awe and wonder, lest the holy vision should vanish.

And the Mother of God did not

bear away his son. No; she held him folded in her arms a little while, and smiled upon him a smile of healing and hope, until at last the boy opened his long-closed eyes and returned her loving gaze. Then she smiled once more, laid him again most gently on his bed, took her own Son upon her arm, and softly, slowly as she had entered, she glided from the room.

When morning dawned Jacob Mayer saw that his child was saved. There was once more life and recognition in its eyes; it held out its little arms lovingly to its father and mother. Great was the happiness of all the family when they with anxious faces stole in, to hear how the boy had passed the night, little dreaming that good news was awaiting them.

When they ask Jacob Mayer when and how the change had come he would not answer at first, only smiled in a strange way, saying they would indeed wonder when they knew all. In due time he told of the Madonna's nocturnal visit; of how she had healed the child, and restored it to life and health.

In commemoration of this most gracious favor that had been shown to his family by the most Blessed Virgin, he caused a votive picture to be painted to her everlasting praise and glory, that the record of her compassionate kindness might never die. For this purpose he sent for young Holbein, the painter's son, enjoining him to spare neither pains nor money that the picture might become a splendid memento of this most wonderful event.

By his desire the painter chose the moment when the Madonna held Mayer's child in her arms, while her

own holy Son stood on the ground at the burgomaster's feet, and not only did he cause his wife, daughter, and son to be included in the scene they had not witnessed, but also a relation who was lately dead, in order that the whole of his family

might be thus placed under the Blessed Virgin's protecting care.

A splendid memento the artist made it, and the work of art, now no longer in the Mayer family, has been and ever will be the admiration of thousands unto all time.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIQUEFACTION OF THE BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1872.

"The age of miracles is past," is a saying which originated partly with infidelity and partly with Protestantism. Unable to give any supernatural proof of its mission, Protestantism denies first the necessity, next the possibility of such proof. But the gift of miracles ever remains with the Church, whose very history and existence is the grandest of miracles—the Church to whom it was said, "Thou shalt work wonders greater than mine own."

One of the perpetual miracles of the Church is the one of which this book is the history and vindication. The author presents direct and positive arguments bearing on the miraculous character of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius. This liquefaction has occurred during the last two hundred and fifty years—to go no further back—at least four thousand times; in public, without any attempt at concealment, under the eyes of believers and unbelievers alike, standing on every side and within a few feet, perhaps in immediate contact with the officiating clergyman, and, therefore, possessing ample opportunity for the closest and most critical inspection of everything concerning it. Under such circumstances, it is inconceivable that the precise fraud, or secret, if there were any, should remain undiscovered.

After detailing the characteristics of the miracle, and showing that it is inexplicable on any save supernatural grounds, the author proceeds to show the absurdity of the natural reasons and explanations given, by which the unbelieving world seeks to elude the force of the con-

tinual power and wisdom, on earth, of the Almighty. This forms one of the most interesting chapters of the work.

One explanation attributes the liquefaction to the heat of the priest's hand, as he holds up the vial to the veneration of the faithful. The author shows from the form, thickness, and size of the vial that such heat cannot possibly affect the contents. The chemical theories are refuted in a manner which denotes a thorough familiarity with the chemical properties and effects of the various substances which, it is already alleged, the priests pretend to be the blood of the martyr.

But it is impossible in our necessarily brief notice, to point out a tithe of the philosophical, theological, historical, and critical excellencies in which the book abounds. We trust that our readers will secure a copy of the work, and peruse it carefully. It will strengthen their faith in the abiding presence of God in the Holy Church, and impart to them a higher and firmer veneration for the saints who are thus honored, even on earth, by the Master for whose sake they laid down their lives.

THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE SERVANT OF GOD, ANNA MARIA TAIGI. Translated from the Italian of the Very Rev. Philip Balzofiore, D.D., O.S.A. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey, 1872.

We have received from the publisher this little volume, the publication of which was announced some time ago, and has been awaited with much anxiety by many who gave credence to the story of the alleged prophecy of "The Three Days' Darkness," as well as by others not sharers of the alarm created by this report, who wish to learn the true history

of this saintly woman about whom so much has been said and written of late.

Anna Maria Taigi was born in Sienna on the 30th of May, 1769, and died in Rome on the 9th of June, 1837. Her life was one of singular beauty and piety. "Destitute of earthly goods, burdened with the care of her children, and often reduced to want, she placed all her trust in the Lord; and though able a thousand times to exchange her lowly state for one of ease and comfort, she refused the spontaneous offerings of the admirers of her virtues, preferring to live in that holy purity which is so dear to the heart of Jesus Christ."

Aside from the many virtues that adorn the life of this good woman, numerous remarkable events, all of which appear to be well authenticated, are said to have occurred by her instrumentality; and also several prophecies, which were fully verified, seem to mark her as one for some wise purpose, endowed by God with superhuman powers.

Speaking of these wonderful manifestations, the author says in the preface: "Stupendous gift! whose like we never find in the history of the servants of God; a mysterious light, a species of sun, was for forty-seven years before her eyes; in it she could read and tell the state of consciences, the revolutions, and wars, the designs of governments, and the aims of secret societies, superstitions and crimes, the rewards of the saints, and the punishments prepared by God for all human transgressions."

It may be well, however, to state that it is acknowledged that after availing himself of the full liberty offered to consult all papers and documents, giving information relating to the life of Anna Maria Taigi, the author was unable to find anything that would seem to justify the recent so-called prophecy, and hence no allusion is made to it in this history. The book is issued in good style, and will no doubt meet a large and ready sale.

HAGAR'S MATHEMATICAL SERIES. Philadelphia: Cowperthwaite & Co. 1872.

We have received the first three books of this series, viz.: Primary Lessons in Numbers; the Elementary Arithmetic, and the Common School Arithmetic.

The object of these arithmetics is briefly set forth in the opening paragraphs of the introductions. The aim of the first book being to develop the primary processes in numbers by the inductive and objective method; that of the second to facilitate the advance of the learner by gradual steps; and the third is designed to be a complete manual for learners. This latter has been constructed with a view to the most rapid and thorough progress by the pupil, combining in a practical system both mental and written exercises. From what we have seen of this series we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a valuable addition to our educational literature.

DEVOUT MEDITATIONS IN HONOR OF THE MOTHER OF GOD, AND THE MONTH OF MAY. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1870.

These two little volumes, as their titles indicate, are intended specially for use by pious Catholics during the present month. The beautiful custom among Catholics of paying honor to the Blessed Virgin during the month of May—so appropriately called "The Month of Mary," has long been in vogue, and we trust will never be abandoned. As a means of perpetuating this devotion, which redounds not only to the glory of the Blessed Mother, but also to the spiritual good of those participating in it, we know of nothing better than the careful perusal of such manuals as those of which we are speaking.

A MANUAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By John S. Hart, LL.D. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Brother. 1872.

Professor Hart is known as the author of a series of excellent text-books. The present one is, in many respects, an admirable book of reference, for the amount of valuable information which it contains is large beyond precedent in any manual of instruction that exists in the language. But as a text-book we think it too diffuse. Unquestionably, the best text-book for a class of English Literature, is Dr. Hart's Book of Prose and Poetry, taken in connection with a professor's lectures. The notices of Catholic writers are very comprehensive.

